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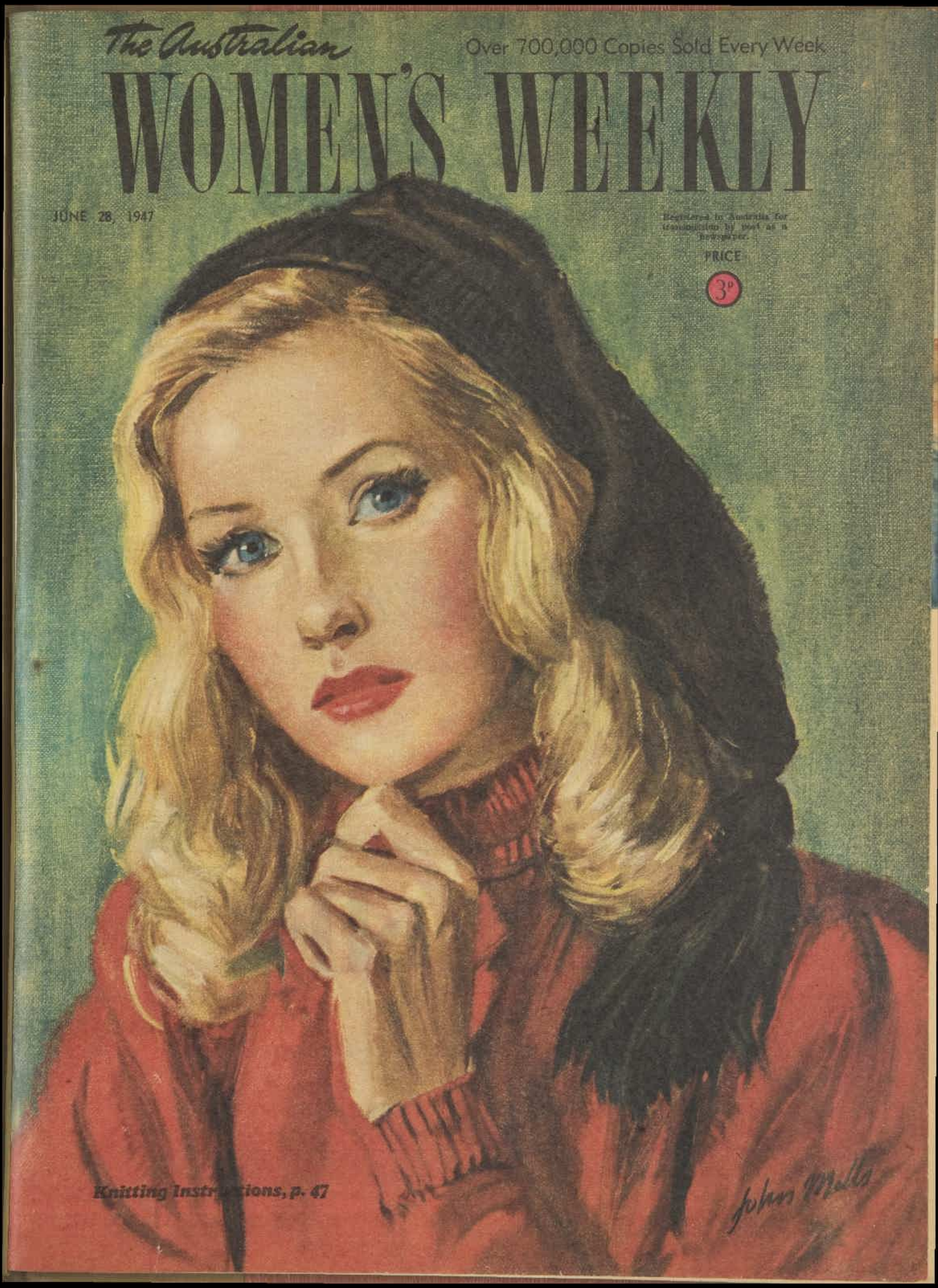

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"Him good feller cloud," Katie said, pointing to the horizon.

24 JUN 1947
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE *Red* EARTH

By JOAN WINTON

DAY after day, for months, the sun had gone down over the horizon like a ball of molten metal. Every morning it rose exultant, stripping the dawn of its beauty.

The earth writhed under the ceaseless torture, crumbling into loose red dust, cracking open its wide fissures as it yielded up the last bit of moisture for which the few remaining green things starved.

Now, but an hour since dawn, the air throbbed with promise of the terrible heat to come, pulsating with waves of hot dryness.

The horse tethered to the homestead gate stamped listlessly, tail switching at the heavy cloud of flies which seethed round his head and flanks.

Presently a man emerged on to the wide verandah, high on its ten-foot hardwood piles. His heavy boots clattered down the ladder-like steps; clumped across the yard, raising a cloud of red dust which settled in his hair and on his hard, lean face. His rough, broken-nailed hand gently stroked the wet muzzle thrust lovingly into his palm, slid soothingly over the flank of his great raw-boned horse. He swung into the saddle and set out westwards.

In the homestead kitchen, a woman stood by the gauzed window watching the man cross the clearing, noting his tired slouch, the droop of his broad shoulders.

She sighed as she languidly set about her work. And hourly it grew hotter. The sun beat down remorselessly from a brazen sky, twisting the creaking timbers of the house, making the corrugated iron roof like the wall of a boiler. Heat radiated from walls and roof, outside and within. To Margaret, working in the kitchen, it seemed that the entire room contracted and expanded in dizzy waves of heat.

Her washing dried within five minutes of being hung on the line. As fast as one copperful was done, a line of clothes was ready to be taken down, sucked instantly dry by the fury of the sun's hunger.

Margaret leaned her burning forehead against a verandah post, stilling the throbbing of her temples against the rough timber. She felt her body swaying slightly with dizziness, and tried to steady it.

"I mustn't be sick now," she thought, fighting against an urge to fling herself down and weep. "I just have to keep well while there's so much to be done . . . If only it were evening, and Tom were home . . ."

A breath of air fanned the damp hair at her temples. Was there a hint of moisture in that air? Quickly she scanned the wide glaring sky, and her eyes narrowed, concentrating on a faint grey smudge low on the horizon.

Quickened with a hope that never died, she called down over the verandah rail:

"Quick, Katie! Come and look. There's a cloud!"

A childish voice piped from regions below the high-perched house.

"O.K., Mis' Barton. Comin' real fast-feller."

A tousled head appeared at the bottom of the steps, and a pair of dark eyes glanced above a wide-lipped grin. White teeth flashed in the small black face. A fourteen-year-old aboriginal girl came pattering broad-footed up to the verandah, and like her mistress gazed eagerly towards the horizon.

"Him good-feller cloud all right," she said.

Excited, they went about their work with brisker movements, lighter steps. But an hour later the cloud had vanished, drifted away before their hungry eyes as so many others had drifted, mocking their wide hopes, plunging them back into the narrow groove of dogged endurance.

Margaret stood before her bedroom mirror, running a comb through her dark hair. She knew a moment's dismay, seeing how her face had changed in the twelve months since her marriage, the soft bloom of youth ravaged by fierce summer. She did not realise how much it had gained in quiet strength and beauty of expression. She saw only the fatigue, only the strain behind her dark-lashed eyes.

She knew it was not only the heat and the worry. She must tell Tom to-night. Or would her news add to his worries just now with the added responsibilities it entailed . . . She felt suddenly lonely, wanting the comfort of his presence.

The barking of dogs brought her sharply to the window. Through the deepening dusk came the slow clop-clop of hoofs, the clink of harness. Dim at the yard gate, she saw her husband slip wearily from the saddle, slouch across to the kennels and release the chained dogs for their evening run. The deep growl of his voice rumbled through their shrill yapping as they leaped, raced, and wheeled in a mad frenzy of excitement.

Barton's heavy-shod feet dragged as he crossed the yard and disappeared under the house. Margaret heard the sluicing of water as he washed in the primitive bathroom, then the thumping of his boots on the wooden steps. She stood waiting for him. He kissed her lightly on the forehead, and without speaking passed into the living-room. She called Katie to light the lamps and followed him inside, her heart going out to him in his heavy weariness.

"A bad day, Tom?" she asked quietly, motioning to Katie to bring in the dinner.

Margaret had never seen him quite so morose, so near to admitting defeat.

"Where are the scrub-cutters now, Tom?" she asked.

He roused from his dark reverie, staring at her blankly a moment.

"Oh, they're working down in the lower end of the horse paddock. But the camp's down on the ridge now. Near the old opal mine."

"If only there'll be enough scrub to tide us over till it rains," she sighed. "I can't bear to think of the expense of hand-feeding all that stock."

"Cheaper to slit all their throats, with prices the way they are," he said bitterly.

"Any chance of selling some?" she suggested doubtfully. "It might be worth while losing money on them if it would save us from having to feed the rest."

He shook his head.

"Wouldn't get two bob a head for them in their present condition," he grumbled. "Not worth the cost of taking them to town . . . Oh, well, maybe it'll rain one day."

Please turn to page 4

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KB72

The Red Earth

Continued from page 3

AT breakfast next morning he said to her, "I'll have to take the truck out to the Ten-Mile to-day with stores for the men. Would you mind going through the stuff with me, Meg?"

"I'm afraid I can't let you have much tinned stuff. The men have been getting through such a lot of it."

In the mounting heat they rummaged through the storehouse, selecting foodstuffs and other necessities, and loaded them on to the truck. In the close, odorous little room below the house she felt nausea rising in her again, and hurried outside for relief, anxious to hide her sickness from her husband. He looked at her sharply as she returned.

"What's the matter, Meg? You look ill."

"Oh, it's nothing, Tom. Just the heat," she answered, forcing a smile.

He jumped down from the back of the truck, and his arm about her waist pressed her close.

"Keep your chin up, little girl. We'll fight our way out of this mess. It's got to rain some day. Then how about a trip to the city?"

She smiled at him, resting her head a moment against his hard shoulder.

"I'll be back some time to-morrow, Meg," he called back, tugging on the stiff wheel of the truck. She stood watching it bump out of sight in a cloud of red dust.

It was late afternoon when the two women noticed a subtle difference in the atmosphere about them. Katie's short flat nose sniffed the air appreciatively. "This feller nose smell rain, sure 'nuff, Mis' Barton."

Margaret scanned the sky eagerly for a cloud, and, straining, she saw again a smudge on the horizon, but thicker this time, and wider-spread.

"Is that a cloud over there, Katie?" she asked, ready to accept the testimony of those keen native eyes.

Katie squinted, her broad nostrils working. Then came the expert's opinion.

"I think that cloud, sure 'nuff, Mis' Barton. Mebbe big-feller cloud bime-by. This one nose smell rain O.K."

They stood and watched, tense, their hearts in their eyes. And slowly the faint smudge of grey swelled and darkened, rolling out and up from the horizon in a billowing band of cloud.

Margaret felt near to hysteria. Fear of disappointment battled against the tremendous surge of hope beating up in her.

"I won't believe it's rain till I see it," she said to herself, gripping the verandah rail. "Clouds have come and gone so often."

The pall of cloud now covered the entire sky. The smell of wetted earth drifted across the plain from somewhere far away. There came a flash of lightning, a sheet of blinding light.

A moment's suspense, then a crash of thunder, rolling out across the plain and away into space. Stark silence, then a few heavy drops of rain, then quicker, wilder, a fast-pattering crescendo, pelting on the iron roof like the rattle of machine-gun fire—and the rain had come, pouring down in a thudding torrent.

The noise of it drowned the voices of the women as they raced about the house, calling excitedly to each other, hastily shutting windows and dragging beds in from the wet that came on to the verandah.

"My word, Missus, this rain good feller all right," cried Katie. "Lots more come along here. Longa Ten-Mile, too, I think."

Margaret appreciated the significance of this last remark. She knew that the creek on which the homestead was built had its source in the distant ranges, of which the Ten-Mile Ridge was an outflung spur. Though she had seen it only as a series of waterholes linked by a narrow dry ravine, Tom had told her that after heavy rain in the hills it could swell overnight into a torrential river.

She knew, too, that owing to a strange conformity of the land beyond the old opal mines the creek-bed forked, one tine swinging round in a wide arc and joining the main bed farther down. The strip of scrub thus encircled was known locally as The Marsh, its sandy soil loose and boggy from constant seepage.

Margaret thought of this as she peered through the rain slapping on the hard surface of the dried-up garden.

She wondered where her husband was by now. Knowing his impatience at any forced delay in his programme of work, she conjectured that as soon as he saw the waters coming down he would make a dash for home to avoid being cut off on the other side, crossing the creek near the camp and taking a chance on getting through on the side nearer home.

That night she slept as she had not slept for weeks. And all night long the rain poured down without a break.

The first thing she knew on waking was the roar of the creek nearby. She sat up at once, startled by its volume, and hurried out to the verandah. A great yellow river rushed past the house, churning over rocks and logs, swirling over the banks of the erstwhile creek.

Again she wondered where her husband was, reflecting that if he were cut off at the camp he would go over to their nearest neighbor on the far side of the ridge. She went at once to find out if he were there, giving the phone handle the three short sharp turns which would call Matson on the party line.

"That you, Joe? Margaret here . . . Yes, isn't it marvellous! Have you measured yours yet? . . . Neither have I—I've only just got up . . . No, he isn't here, Joe. He went down to the Ten-Mile yesterday in the truck . . . Yes, that's what I think must have happened. But if he is cut off he'll probably try to get over to your place . . . Oh yes, I know that he wouldn't have a chance of getting through here now. But, look, Joe, if he turns up at Wirriga, ask him to phone me right away, will you? I'm rather worried about him . . . Yes, all right, I will. Thanks, Joe. Good-bye."

CONFIDENT that her husband must be either still on the ridge or making his way to Matson's on the other side, she went about her work with a light heart, feeling as though the rain were falling on her own parched spirit.

At about nine o'clock the phone rang, and she ran eagerly to answer it, but it was Joe Matson who spoke, and there was a troubled note underlying his quiet drawl.

"One of the men from the camp just arrived here, Margaret, and he tells me Tom left for home early this morning as soon as he saw the creek coming down. This bloke says Tom refused to be marooned on the ridge and waste all that time, so he decided to try to get through."

She listened to the broiling torrent outside and thought of it closing in on The Marsh. Fear gripped her. "But, Joe," she cried, her voice rising in alarm, "what if the truck got bogged out there between the two creeks! Whether he's trapped out there or not, we can't wait to find out for sure."

"That's true," he answered. "Whatever's to be done must be done quickly. I wish I could find a way of getting through to The Marsh on a horse and bringing him back, but the creek this side is running much too fast. By the time I'd circled round the hills it'd be——" His slow drawl suddenly maddened her, and she cut him short.

"Yes, I know how you're placed, Joe." Her voice was crisp with nervous tension. "Don't worry about it. I'm going out there myself with a couple of horses."

"How do you mean, going out there yourself?" he asked. "Aren't any of the men around the place?"

"No, they're all at the camp or out in the Thousand-Acre Paddock. So it's up to me. But I have to hurry," she added, impatient at the delay.

Vividly in her mind she saw the water rushing swiftly inward across the narrow tongue of land.

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TWO KINDS OF MEN

Complete Short Story

By . . .
HENRIETTA RIPPERGER

IN the tiny hall of Dick Breton's flat the phone gave a brisk important purr. Eileen, Dick's wife, picked up the receiver. "You must have the wrong number. There isn't anybody here called Tripner," she answered.

"Hold it!" Dick lifted his head from the couch. "There's going to be——"

"All right, operator, read me the telegram." Eileen reached for a pencil with her free hand. Absent-mindedly she studied her husband's figure on the couch, the long legs pulled up at the knees, forming a small hill up which a four-year-old girl in a bright green dress was vainly attempting to climb. "Family away. Have house to myself for two weeks. Come on here. Signed Bill. O.K. Thank you."

Eileen came in and stood looking down at her husband. She wore blue slacks and a shirt with diagonal stripes. Her pale face under her blonde hair was an appealing one, made distinguished by wide-set eyes.

"I'm sorry, darling. I forgot to tell you." Both Dick's arms were out now, steadying the small struggling figure. "It's Bruce Tripner. He was a first-class chap in my outfit in Germany. He put through a trunk call to me yesterday at the office; said he was coming south; could we put him up for a few days. That's all right, isn't it?"

"Of course," his wife replied, turning to survey the room. "Is he hunting a job here?"

"No idea."

"Or it might be a heart interest," Eileen said musingly.

"Might be. He doesn't ask me any questions and I don't ask him. But I don't think so," he went on. "He's been like a lot of the lads ever since the war—restless; just fooling around." His eyes travelled round the bright living-room with something akin to affection in them. "It's my idea he just wants to relax somewhere where it's peaceful. Hey!" He grabbed his middle with a groan as Barbara Elizabeth bounced heavily on to it and then slipped to the floor. "Whose torso do you think this is—Joe Louis'?" He sat up, feeling his ribs gingerly.

Eileen sat down beside him as Barbara Elizabeth busied herself elsewhere again. She looked about the living-room. She had spent so many years without a home of her own that she could hardly believe all this was hers. "It is nice, isn't it? I love everything in it. Isn't it wonderful to have a place where you can have anybody to stay—anybody you want? I never get over it, our darling home," she said.

. . . . . .

The man who stood at the door a couple of nights later was younger than Dick, perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five. As he stepped inside the threshold to seize Dick's hand, his face relaxed and came suddenly alive. When he met Eileen, however, the mask of seriousness, almost weariness, slipped over his face again, as he gave her a brief, appraising glance.

"Let me show you where you're going to bunk. Here—give me that bag." Dick led the way. "We've evacuated the small fry," he explained, "into our room. Hope you don't mind a bed in the nursery. If you see pink elephants on the wall," he added, "they're really there."

Believing that two men who hadn't seen each other since being demobbed must have a lot to talk about, Eileen sat quietly between them in the living-room. Most of what was said had to do with news of other men, with the discussion of jobs. There were occasional bursts of over-hearty laughter.

It struck her, as half an hour passed, that the pauses grew longer and that a certain eagerness in her guest's voice was fading. Eileen had seen it before in other war friends of Dick's—this wanting a companionship that somehow wasn't there. It was as if the sweep of a tide had ebbed forever.

In one of the silences she went to her desk and found her written record of the telegram. She handed it to Bruce. He read it, standing up. He turned to Dick, placing one foot squarely and swinging the other around it. "It's from Bill," he said. "I promised to contact him some time. Rang him up from Jim's; that's where I was when I phoned you." He strolled the length of the room, came back, and stood, not lounging, but with both feet together.

"I'd like to stay here a bit—that is, if I'm not in the way. Matter of fact," he went on slowly, "I have a little unfinished business here.

There's a girl I knew when I was stationed at Brighton. I wrote to her off and on while I was overseas, and—well, here I am."

. . . . . .

"He's nice," Eileen told Dick that night as they went to bed. "But he's jumpy, isn't he? And he has a kind of fierce, lost look—it just goes to your heart."

"Perhaps he is lost," Dick said reflectively.

"He ought to get married," Eileen said.

"I suppose you think that if he were married to you, now, his troubles would be over," Dick said, grinning.

"Or even just somebody." Eileen's face was very serious. "If this girl is any good at all," she went on, "I'm backing her to the hilt. You just watch."

Three or four evenings later the table was set for a dinner party of four, which Eileen was giving. Barbara had awakened cross and snuffily. After Dick had departed for work, Eileen had come out of the kitchen and headed for the telephone to ring their doctor, only to find that Bruce was ahead of her. He held in his hand a sheaf of papers scribbled over with names and addresses. "Hullo," he said. "Hope you don't mind. I'm making a few phone calls."

"Not a bit." Eileen stood irresolute beside him.

"I thought it would be a good idea if I rang Bill and told him I was going to stay here for the present. Trunks are going to ring me back . . . Have one?" He offered her a cigarette.

"Thanks." Eileen lit it, and considered. Finally she went to her own room and took out her bag. She had to talk to Dr. Beard about Barbie. It was only two streets to the post office—she would telephone from there.

She came back to find Bruce still planted by the phone. She went to the kitchen and started washing up the breakfast dishes. "Got your call?" she called a few minutes later.

But there was no response. When she went into the sitting-room Bruce was standing by the table, and he looked down at her with unreadable slate-grey eyes. "Plenty to do here, I see," he said. "Even Dick seems to have his hands full."

Eileen sat down and began folding Barbie's aired clothes. "He is simply wonderful in the house, isn't he? But I suppose every man loves to potter around his own home." She paused, aware that the man beside her was somehow out of the picture. "You would, too," she assured him. Then, not even caring whether or not he got the sequence of ideas, she asked, "Can't you bring your girl here to dinner to-night? We do want to meet her."

"I'll take you all out," the man said. "We'll go to a show."

"We're stuck at home," Eileen said briefly. She did not bother to explain about Barbie, having learned that details bored him.

Their guest took this as he had taken everything else since he came to stay—with a certain fatalism.

"I'll bring her here, then," he said.

The young Bretons faced each other in their living-room. "Seven-thirty." Dick looked at the clock. "Where on earth is he?"

"Dinner's salmon souffle." Eileen's voice was glum. "That's what I made for them. It was done at seven; and Barbie ought to be in bed, only I promised her she could see the company."

But now the doorbell rang. Dick hurried forward.

"This is Sally." Bruce came in slightly ahead of his companion. The girl was short, gaily dressed in a red suit, with brilliant eyes and bright lipstick outlining a narrow but pretty mouth. She had small, good features and slick blonde hair.

"Bruce asked could he stay with us," Dick said. "I forgot to tell you."

Eileen led her into the bedroom. "Have you everything you want?"

"Oh, yes, thanks." The girl set a leather make-up case in front of the dressing-table mirror and set to work retouching an already perfect bit of artistry, while the souffle subsided irrevocably into fish pie. She exuded a kind of merry charm all her own, and was quite unworried at the delay she was causing.

Eileen began to wonder. She said: "We adore Bruce. He's sweet."

"Yes, and he's marked 'S' for Sally." The girl studied her lips, pursing them.

Eileen laughed. "Don't worry, I'm all in favor."

They went out to the dining-room.

"No use trying to be polite to me—I'm the help round here." Eileen was waving the guests to their seats. "Oh, Dick," she added, as something pushed at the swinging door. "Get Barbie into bed, will you? I let her come out and eat supper in the kitchen." She put her head back and raised her voice. "There's a pair of clean pyjamas on the foot of the cot."

"I hope you notice how useful Eileen's husband is," Sally observed.

"He doesn't mind, really." Eileen came back with a tray of hot dishes. "He can do it much better than I can."

At last everybody was at the table and everything was on it.

"Asparagus!" Sally leaned forward. "My favorite dish in all the world—only what a big helping!"

"It's not all for you, little one," Bruce told her. "You're supposed to take some and pass it."

Please turn to page 27

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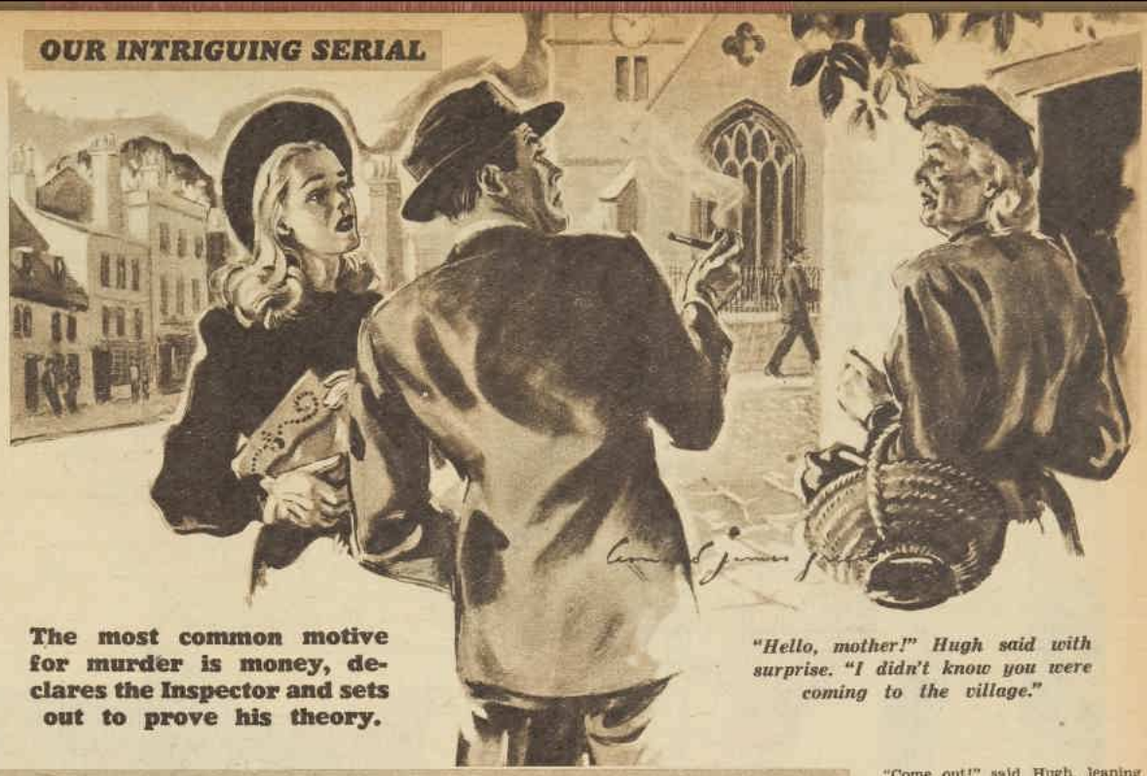
OUR INTRIGUING SERIAL



The most common motive for murder is money, declares the Inspector and sets out to prove his theory.

"Hello, mother!" Hugh said with surprise. "I didn't know you were coming to the village."

NO WIND OF BLAME

By GEORGETTE HEYER

INSPECTOR HEMINGWAY sat at his desk, drawing an intricate mosaic of cubes and squares on the blotting paper. He was apparently absorbed in this childish occupation, but Sergeant Wake, knowing him well, awaited his next words quite hopefully.

Suddenly the inspector threw his pencil down. "What's the most common murder motive, Wake?" he demanded.

"Passion," replied the sergeant promptly.

"Not by a long chalk, it isn't. Money, my lad; that's why five out of seven murders are committed."

"Yes, but Carter couldn't have been murdered for his money," Wake objected, "because he hadn't any."

"He had something just as important, if only I'd had the sense to see it sooner," said Hemingway. "He had a very wealthy aunt."

The sergeant frowned disapproval. "That brings us back to consider the young lady who's his heir — Miss Cliffe. I must say, I don't like it, sir."

"Oh no, it doesn't!" replied Hemingway. "Miss Cliffe doesn't get Aunt Clara's fortune, by what Mr. Dering tells me, and as he's a Chancery barrister I wouldn't be surprised if he knew what he was talking about."

"Well, I know that, sir, but she didn't know, did she?"

"No, she didn't; but that isn't to say that others were as ignorant. What I want to know is, who's the old lady's heir, now that Carter's been disposed of. Get me Miss Cliffe on the phone, will you?"

The sergeant found the number in the directory and picked up the receiver. "But, sir, that's very likely bringing in someone we've never heard of," he said.

"Well, why not?" demanded Hemingway. "I don't know about you, but I'm sick and tired of this lot, for there isn't a penny to choose between any of them!"

The sergeant told the telephone exchange the number he wanted.

"Yes, sir, I know," he said slowly. "But if we go and dig out some stranger, I don't see how he could have known what Carter's movements were, or—Hallo, is that Mrs. Carter's residence? Inspector Hemingway would like to speak to Miss Cliffe, please."

Mary, rather bewildered at the other end of the wire, was unable to tell the inspector very much, but although she had no idea of the exact locality of the home which housed Clara Carter, she did remember that it was situated in an opulent suburb of London.

The inspector noted down this somewhat vague address, and asked her if she happened to know who managed Miss Carter's affairs. No, she had never heard, but she thought the old lady must have some trustees—if she actually existed.

"What, is there some doubt about that?" demanded Hemingway.

"I don't know. I mean, I've never set eyes on her, and I never heard of my cousin's going to see her, or anything. He only talked of inheriting her money, and being rich one day, whenever he got into debt, or wanted money from Mrs. Carter, so he may have made her up."

The inspector said in a shaken voice: "May have made her up. Yes, I see, miss. Thank you very much indeed . . . No, I don't think there's anything more I want to ask you." He laid down the receiver, and turned to his sergeant.

"I'll have to be taken off this case soon, I can see that. Carter's rich aunt probably never existed outside his imagination. Now you get the Department for me, and find out if the chief's there."

In a few minutes' time the sergeant handed him the receiver, and the deep, calm voice of Superintendent Hannasyde hailed him. "Hallo, Hemingway! How's it going?"

"Fine!" replied the inspector. "Lovely decor, very classy cast, right out of Ibsen. I'm beginning to hear noises in my head."

A chuckle reached him. "Is that what you rang up to say?"

"No, sir, I rang up to ask for a bit of research to be done by the Department. You know Chipston? I want someone to find out if there's a home for mentally deficients there. If there is, I want an old lady by the name of Clara Carter. She's a spinster, she's very rich, and she's been in residence a good many years."

He furnished the rest of the particulars he required, ending by explaining that there was some doubt as to whether Clara Carter actually existed.

Next morning, brisk and bright-eyed, he went to Stilhurst village to pursue inquiries into Robert Steel's possible movements on the afternoon of the murder. As he came out of the general shop there, he walked into Hugh Dering.

"Hallo!" said Hugh. "I rather wanted to see you."

"That's funny," said the inspector. "I could do with a few minutes' chat with you myself."

"Hold on while I buy some stamps, and I'll be with you."

Hugh vanished into the shop, reappearing presently to find that the inspector had strolled down the street to where Hugh had left his car. He soon overtook him.

"Miss Cliffe tells me that you rang her up last night to make inquiries about the mythical aunt. I see what you're after, of course, but do you really believe in the aunt?"

"I've got an open mind, sir. What's your feeling on the subject?"

"I haven't an idea. My instinct always prompted me to disbelieve any statement Carter made, but in this case I've nothing to go on, beyond the fact that Mrs. Carter doesn't seem ever to have set much store by the aunt. A rich aunt, conveniently mad, and hidden from sight in an asylum, sounds suspiciously unlikely to me."

"Yes, it does," agreed Hemingway. "All the same, he went so far as to say that she lived in Chipston."

"H'm! Giving a local habitation and a name to an airy nothing, perhaps."

"Look here, sir, I don't want a Job's comforter, if it's all the same to you!" protested Hemingway. "What I do want, on the other hand, is a bit of expert information. You told Miss Cliffe, in my presence, the day before yesterday, that there was no question of her inheriting this aunt's money."

"I did."

"I take it you're sure of your facts, sir?"

"Quite sure. According to what Carter let fall from time to time, she became insane before she had made a will. The law regarding intestacy is perfectly clear."

"Would it be bothering you if I were to ask you to tell me this law, sir?"

"Not at all. When an intestate dies, leaving no issue, and his parents having predeceased him, the relations who can inherit his fortune are, first, brothers and sisters of the whole blood, or their issue; second, brothers and sisters of the half-blood, or their issue; third, the grandparents, in equal shares; fourth, uncles and aunts of the whole blood of the intestate's parents, or——"

"Don't tell me!" said the inspector. "Or their issue!"

"Correct," said Hugh, with a twinkle.

The inspector eyed him respectfully. "And that's your idea of perfectly clear?"

"Absolutely," Hugh assured him.

"Well, if that's so, I'm bound to admit that you gentlemen at the Bar earn every penny you get, which is a thing I've often doubted. Let me be sure I've got this right! If this aunt is very old, we can take it she hasn't got any parents or grandparents living, and I remember that Miss Cliffe said that she didn't know of any relations, other than her, that Carter had. So what happens?"

"Oh, they'll dig up some remote cousin! Falling the male line, you can try the female line. Almost endless possibilities, you perceive."

"Yes, I get it," replied Hemingway. "What I'm thinking is that I look like having started something, and no mistake! What was it you wanted to see me about, sir?"

"Something my father said. I got him to attend the inquest yesterday, to see what he made of it. One circumstance rather puzzled him. It may have puzzled you."

"And what might that have been, sir?"

"Fact of the rifle's having a hair-trigger pull. My father says he can't imagine what Fanshawe wanted with a hair-trigger. Says he would have found it dangerous to use, and almost impossible to load. He can't see the point. Occurred to you?"

"Yes, sir, it has, naturally. Might be several reasons. Or whoever killed Carter with that rifle may have wanted a light pull."

"Light, perhaps, but not hair-trigger, surely! It would only need a touch to set it off."

The inspector's gaze was fixed meditatively on a large saloon car, approaching at regal and stately pace down the village street. "Very shrewd of your father, sir. I'm much obliged to him."

A grin suddenly spread over his face. "Well, I wondered whether it was Royalty for a moment, but I see now that you won't be needing me any longer."

Hugh looked around as the car, taking up most of the available space in the street, drew up outside the little butcher's shop. In it, looking rather like the Tragic Muse, sat Vicky, swathed in black. A halo hat made an extremely becoming setting for this primness.

"Now, what's she playing at?" said Hugh in an annoyed voice.

"Looks to me like Lady Jane Grey on her way to the block," remarked the inspector, following him down the street to the car.

By the time they had reached it the chauffeur had opened the door and received from one gloved and languid hand a scrap of paper bearing the order for the butcher. He went into the shop as Hugh came up. Hugh pulled the door open again.

"What do you think you're doing," he demanded, "got up like Queen Victoria?"

Vicky surveyed him in an aloof fashion. "I feel like that," she said simply.

Hugh looked grimly back at her. "I thought I told you you were not to start any more of your antics?"

"Yes," sighed Vicky, "but my car died on me."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"This," said Vicky, waving a hand to indicate the opulence of her surroundings. "It came over me in a wave. Such a lonely, sad-looking figure, lost in the cushions of the great, sombre car. I think I was left a widow frightfully young, and all my fabulous wealth is simply dust and ashes in my mouth."

"Come out!" said Hugh, leaning into the car, and grasping one slim wrist somewhat ungently.

"Oh, did you happen to think you'd got the slightest right to order me about?" inquired Vicky smoothly.

"Don't you argue with me!" replied Hugh. "Out you come!"

Vicky, dragged relentlessly out of the car, stamped her foot, and said: "Let me go, you horrible beast! I loathe and detest you!"

"You'll have cause to, if you make any further public exhibition of yourself!" Hugh assured her.

Vicky was just about to retort in kind when she caught sight of Inspector Hemingway, an admiring spectator. She promptly recoiled, lifting her free hand to her throat, and uttering faintly: "Ah! You! You've come to arrest me!"

"Well, I don't mind arresting you, just to oblige," offered the inspector. "I'm never one to spoil another person's big scene, and I haven't anything particular on this morning."

"For goodness sake, don't encourage her!" said Hugh.

"Yes, I thought somehow you wouldn't be wanting me any longer," said Hemingway. "I'll be saying good morning to you, sir. I daresay we'll meet again some time."

Hugh nodded to him, and turned back to Vicky. "Come on, explain this act! What are you supposed to be doing?"

"I'm buying a saddle of mutton. And talking of mutton——"

"Yes, you can cut that bit. I know it. I remind you of a sheep. Your chauffeur seems to be buying the mutton, though. Did you swank into the village in that car just to play at being a wealthy widow?"

"No," said Vicky softly. "I'm being driven to Fritton to pick up my car. Not that it has anything to do with you, and I wasn't anybody until I suddenly caught sight of you looking like a lawyer, or something that's been stuffed, and then I thought I might just as well as not put on the sort of act you'd be bound to disapprove of."

"Vicky, you abominable brat. Tell your chauffeur to finish the shopping, and go home. I'll run you into Fritton."

"How lovely of you!" said Vicky, with wholly deceptive effusiveness. "I expect if I had to choose between that and walking, I'd go with you."

"Ha! A snub!" said Hugh.

Vicky met his quizzical gaze with one of her blandest stares. Lady Dering, walking briskly down the street with a shopping basket on her arm, had ample opportunity to observe her son's expression as he stood looking into the celestially blue eyes of the prettiest girl in the county.

Please turn to page 30

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To Mary, the pin was a symbol, but that did not lessen Maxine's desire for it.

"No!" said Mary, as Maxine stretched out her trunk to the coveted pin.

MAXINE AND THE PRETTY BAUBLE

By ELIZABETH DEAN

THE elephant, Maxine, was very fond of pretty things and took to Mary Whipple at once. Later, of course, she followed Mary around because she was trying to add the pin to her collection, but when Mr. Whipple and his daughter arrived at Navy Nook, the tourist-court home of Maxine and her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mary did not have the pin. And it was too soon for Maxine to know that she and Mary were partners in frustration.

Mary was watching two young naval officers drive in while her father negotiated for a cabin, and did not notice Maxine until her father said "Uff!" Mary laughed and patted Maxine's trunk.

Mrs. Tilton liked that and nodded to her husband to say yes about the cabin. Some young things screamed if Maxine touched them, and one had to be very careful about tenants. Especially in summer, because in summer Maxine was restless. Usually in the summer Maxine was on tour with the Jones Brothers Circus, but now transportation difficulties kept her at home.

Maxine's taste, it seemed, was catholic and harmless: a bit of ribbon, a mirror from a purse, a shiny toy, these things she would carry about for days or hide them in the crotches of the trees.

It was fun the next morning to look out of the window and see Maxine pulling a small boy in a little red waggon. There was a girl sitting on the steps of the cabin next door, so Mary went out and sat on her steps—Maxine waved to her with a green-handled toothbrush, and after a time the girl next door asked her if she'd like a coke.

The girl's name was Sue Jones, her husband was Lieut. Pinckney Culpepper Jones, and it was Pinckney (Pink) Culpepper Jones, Jr., in the waggon. Over the cokes Sue elicited the pertinent facts concerning Mary: that she was eighteen, that her father was a civilian employee at the naval base.

"What are you doing to-night?" Sue asked suddenly. I haven't been to the club on Saturday night for ages. It's time for Pink's nap, but I'll talk to you later."

Mary floated back to the cabin on air. This was the way she had thought it would be when she had decided to come with her father; certainly she would cook and sweep for him, but there would be keen young officers—fliers—and movies and swimming and dancing. To-night Lieutenant Jones would probably get her a date and she would be definitely set. She washed her hair and unpacked a frock. She was pressing it when Sue came to the kitchen door and called "Hi."

"Why, hello——" Mary nonchalantly put down the iron.

"Jones just phoned. We're having dinner with Lieutenant Gibbons, Royal Air Force. There are lots of Britishers here, you know, and they talk divinely. And if you wouldn't mind, Pink's always good, and I'll give him his dinner, and all you have to do is sit. Why, my dear, is something the matter?" She looked at the dress on the ironing-board.

"Oh, if you're going out," surprise was in her voice, "of course you can't sit with the baby. I hadn't thought—so soon——"

——that Mary would get a date so soon. Mary finished the thought for her, but she said: "I'm not going out. This was wrinkled from packing. I'll be glad to stay with the baby."

"Oh, will you? I'll love you forever!"

So on that night, which was Saturday, Mary sat with Pinckney Culpepper Jones, Jr. In the weeks that followed she also sat with many other children, because, when the word got out that a sitter was available, her services were in great demand. The Navy Nook mothers were very nice to Mary. They included her in morning and afternoon parties; but no one ever thought of getting her a date.

Mary was paid for her work as a sitter. She put the money in a jar in the kitchen cupboard, and when there was enough she took the bus into town and bought the pin.

As soon as Maxine saw the pin she coveted it. It was a beautiful pin, but for Mary it was a hair shirt.

It was a real pin, in so far as it was gold and not plate, and Mary had refused to listen to that spot in the back of her mind that told her she was a phony. She had said that she had come to keep house for her father, but her final decision had been made only after she knew that he was going to one of the big naval air bases. She had talked of cooking and cleaning, but all the while she had been thinking of fliers and marines and Saturday night dances.

So she sat with babies. And it served her right, she thought. She kept her chin up and wore the pin.

Only Maxine realised how Mary felt. Down in the oak grove Maxine had a favorite scratching tree. Thither she often went on hot afternoons and there she sometimes saw Mary moodily tearing a leaf to bits. Maxine understood. Here was a young thing, like herself, cooped up in the country when she should have been dancing in a tulle skirt with sleigh bells around her neck. Maxine would rest her trunk gently on Mary's shoulder, comfortingly, and only incidentally to finger the pin.

And Mary would laugh and say: "We're a couple of frustrated fakes, but at least we're on to ourselves."

One hot afternoon, some days later, she rebelled. She was minding Pink, because Sue had gone to a cricket match, with a Britisher, of course.

"This," said Mary, "has got to stop."

She put Pink in the play pen, where he would be contented for a time, and took herself down to the oak grove.

It was all very well to announce that she was through as a sitter, but that wouldn't get her a date. Navy Nook was a long five miles from the base, and all the men who came out there were married. She needed co-operation——

It was very hot; the planes droned overhead. Mary closed her eyes; perhaps she dozed, for when she opened them Maxine was standing in front of her.

Maxine fanned herself idly with an object that she was carrying in her trunk, a cap of some sort, a greyish-blue cap.

"What you got there?" asked Mary. "What have you got now?"

Maxine backed away and curled the cap up under her chin out of sight, but not before Mary had caught a glimpse of a decoration of red and gilt. Mary laughed.

"That belongs to one of the kids," she told Maxine, "and Mrs. Tilton will be cross if you don't take it back."

She swung down from the limb where she had been sitting, and Maxine, suspecting her of appropriate designs, retreated hastily.

"I don't want your old cap," Mary said. "Maybe now you'll let my pin alone."

That night, while Mary was getting dinner, Mr. Whipple was listening to the radio. On one of her trips from the kitchen she caught the tag end of an announcement: ". . . the finder please return to this station or call British Flight Battalion."

"Feller's lost a cap," said Mr. Whipple.

"Maxine's got one," said Mary. "Maybe he'd like that. Dinner's ready."

That night the announcement came again: "Flight-Lieutenant Robert W. Parkins is most anxious for the return of his cap. Anyone finding a Royal Air Force cap with the initials 'R.W.P.,' notify this station or call——"

Mary suddenly had a vision of herself returning a cap that she had picked up along the highway to a tall, handsome officer.

But by the next morning the dream had faded. Mary realised that the chances of finding the cap were definitely slim. If only it had been the cap Maxine had found!

Well, could it be? Maxine got around a good bit. Sometimes she would be gone a whole afternoon, or even all day, but it was silly to think she had found the very one cap.

Mary sauntered towards the playpen where Maxine sometimes took a hand in the games. Maxine was there, picking up the shovel that Pinckney Culpepper was throwing over the fence, and patiently giving it back to him.

It took Mary a moment to spot the cap, which was lying on the ground. She made a dash for it, but the trunk was quicker and also longer than the hand. Maxine snatched her property and waved it high.

"I don't want your old cap." Mary realised disgustedly that in her haste she had tipped her hand. "I just wanted to look at it."

Maybe a cooky would do the trick. Maxine had a sweet tooth.

She ran to the cabin and came back equipped for barter with Maxine.

That lady, bland as milk, was playing nursemaid, but she knew nothing about any cap. She had never even seen one; she intimated as much quite plainly, as Mary poked around, looking under this and that, even burrowing in the sand pile.

Please turn to page 35

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Casuals with lovely leather accessories

● For a dramatic note with neutral colored dresses wear one brilliant colored note—for instance, an emerald cuff-edged bonnet with purple ribbon, yellow kid gloves with hand-sewn pinked edges and a self-knot at the wrist.

● This shirtwaist dress (left) in light honey-beige woollen has three-quarter cuffed sleeves and a skirt with a peg-top line, an excellent garment for casual wear with lovely Australian leather belt and bag.

● Dark brown Australian-made leather over-shoulder bag and matching belt, studded with gold, make wonderful contrast on a grey tailored wool casual (below). Blond leather shoe below is saddle-stitched, the strap fastening in a dark contrast, welted soles and leather heel.

● For the young and pretty, a simple red felt hat (right) banded with a narrow strap of studded leather, and emerald kid gloves with four shiny studs on the back of the hand.

● Decorated leather accessories, blond belt and bag set with elaborate silver studding, dramatise perfectly a smoky, grey-green wool dress, so pastel it is a neutral color, with high turtle neckline, full blouse sleeves, full skirt of unpressed box pleats.

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"That's a lovely frock you're wearing Lois!"

★ But he MEANT

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BEAUTIFUL FRENCH FROCKS

● *Exquisite gowns created by French designers, from whose collections models have been selected for The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades, are specially suitable for dancing on Australian summer nights.*

● Maggy Rouff's summer party frock—white chintz patterned with red tropical motifs: leaves, fruits, and natives in boats.

● Foamy white tulle gathers at the waist to form a billowy skirt in the Lucien Lelong evening gown above. Exquisite motifs are made with fine Valenciennes lace, sparkling with drops of gold and crystal.

● Spirit of youth is typified in Jeanne Lanvin's sheer white organdie evening frock (right). Scattered over the skirt are posies and single flowers embroidered so that each petal stands out from the organdie. A double bertha forms the graceful neckline and a cluster of pink roses at waist gives final youthful touch.

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FOR DANCING

● Moulded corset line with low hip draping is typical of Marcel Rochas, and particularly effective in the gown above, made of creamy-white faille embroidered with gold-sequined flowers.

● Agnes Drecoll's evening frock of yellow-and-white printed organdie is trimmed with black Val. lace.

● The inverted flower or "Corolla" line in the gown above is being used extensively by Christian Dior this season. In this gown creamy point d'esprit veils rose silk, which shimmers like mother-of-pearl.

● Maggy Rouff uses layers of organdie petticoats to make the skirt of this late teen-age party frock stand out. It is of eyeleted Swiss muslin, with a huge ciel-blue satin bow.

The Lighter Side

IN this age of quizzes — radio quizzes, newspaper quizzes, quizzes anyone can answer and quizzes no-one can answer, it ill becomes this column to be out of step in the march of progress. So the quiz to end all quizzes has been devised — a super-quiz designed primarily for the Little People like you and me and the lady next door. The answers are given first; so that when you come to the questions you are way ahead.

A. Sewing, generally, especially when dark thread on dark material is used.

Q. Which is harder on the eyes — reading, writing, or sewing?

A. The 100-watt Mazda gives more light at no greater cost.

Q. Which gives more light, 4-25 watt Mazdas or 1-100 watt Mazda?

A. Of course it's true, and they're Mazdas.

Q. Is it true that some lamps stay brighter longer?

The most irritating quizzes of all are those which purport to analyse one's personality. On answering a string of apparently unrelated questions, one is shocked to discover that the most innocent seeming points of view have profound psychological implications. For example, I invariably find that to answer a question such as "Do you like collecting antiques?" in the affirmative will indicate that I had a secret passion for my great-grandmother. Fortunately, I don't believe it.

However, an eminent psychologist has come to light with discoveries of real importance. Culled from the pages of Dr. Dogscorpus' case book are details of three common feminine complaints:

Histrionicisaustrophobia: Fear of being trapped in an enclosed space with a lot of wild actors. Treatment is to keep the patient well away from Little Theatres, radio studios, and similar places where actors gather.

Sinatramania: Obsession for listening to crooners. Characterised by sloppy sweaters, bobby-sox, glazed eyes and drugged expression. Cure calls for long walks in the open air and prolonged association with pots, pans, and scrubbing-brushes.

Kleptomazdaphilia: Passion for robbing one lampholder to fill another. Treatment is to keep on hand a supply of Mazdas of higher wattages to fill empty lampholders and complete cure calls for a kiss on both cheeks from hubby, who knows a good, light-wise wife when he has one.

Lennie Lumens

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Ltd.
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Preview of

THE SMART WAY TO KEEP DRY

Old Sol will just have to come out from behind those clouds, if only to take a peep at some of the wet-weatherwear Dunlop have for Winter 1947. There are styles and sizes for every member of the family in light, easy-to-wear fabrics superbly tailored and impeccably finished to keep you neat as a pin, dry as a bone. Ladies, especially, will be interested in the glorious range of pastel jewel-colours featured in Dunlop Weatherwear for women. Keep an eye open for the new Dunlop Weatherwear at your favourite store.

"JUDITH"

Ladies' Waterproof smartly cut in pleasing range of pastel colours. Has deep lapels, two-way collar, jetted side pockets, and box sleeves tapering slightly to cuff. Shoulders self-lined.
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"SUZANNE"

Maids' Waterproof neatly fashioned with Raglan sleeves, attractive lapels, two-way collar and welted side pockets.
Sizes 24 to 40.

"UTILITY"

Boys' and Youths' black Waterproof smartly styled with two-way collar, welted side pockets and Raglan sleeves.
Sizes 24 to 46.

"YORK"

Man's Weatherproof in water-repellent Gaberdine, correctly tailored in Raglan style with Balmacan two-way collar, smartly draped sleeves, back vent and smart check lining.
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The Red Earth

Continued from page 4

MATSON drawled, "Well, I must say you have courage, Meg. But are you sure you can manage it?"

"Yes, yes. Thanks very much, Joe. And I'll phone when we get back. Good-bye now."

She hurried off to change, calling to Katie: "Hurry over to the yard and get Tango. I want you to go out and bring Nilgirry in from the home paddock. Quick-feller, now!"

Katie hurried off with unwonted speed. Within half an hour she was back, riding Tango and leading the big black gelding.

"Mis' Barton . . ." she said.

"What, Katie?" said Margaret absently. "Run into the harness-shed and bring me a good strong rope. Long enough for leading a horse." Katie scampered off, returning instantly with the rope. "Mis' Barton, please," she pleaded. "I bin thinkum you better take me longa you this time, Mis' Barton. Show you all-longa bush. Bin thinkum you get lost, mebbe, no sun all-about sky."

"All right, Katie. You can come along." Margaret smiled. "I'll be glad to have you with me."

Katie hopped delightedly in the mud. "Oh, thank you, Mis' Barton," she shrilled, her eyes alight as she swung nimbly to the mare's back.

Margaret climbed on to the tall gelding, and they set out, the horses making a great splashing as they picked their way cautiously over the slippery mud, fetlock-deep in water, stumbling from time to time as their hoofs struck against hidden logs and stumps.

Nilgirry shied, slithering perliously on the slimy mud. "Steady now, boy," she soothed, running her right hand along his quivering neck, her left light and strong on the reins. To Katie she remarked, "This Nilgirry is a hard-mouthed brute," and the little darkie nodded sagely.

It was nearly midday and the rain had slackened when they came within sight of the ridge and the swollen creek. It was now a swift river more than a hundred yards wide at its narrowest.

A quaking dread moved in Margaret as she stared fascinated at that prone column of restless power which somewhere, she knew, threatened her husband.

"You lead the way, Katie," she said quietly.

They plodded on for about half a mile, bearing obliquely towards the creek-bed, till the water slapped against the horses' flanks as they labored through the mud.

On a slight rise a strip of gravel stood free of the overflow, where they could approach close to the original creek-bank. Here the water gurgled in a shallow treble round an outcrop of rock, where, for a short distance from the edge, the pebbly bottom could be dimly seen.

Margaret turned Nilgirry towards the river, urging him with knees and hand and voice.

They were half-way across when a dead kangaroo came floating downstream, and, colliding with a log, spun towards Nilgirry's head. The great horse reared out of the water, thrashing it to foam with flailing hoofs. Margaret was flung from the saddle and was swept into the current. Her left hand still grasped the reins and Nilgirry, feeling a tug on the bridle, plunged, crazy with terror, into the deep water after her.

Choking, she rose to the surface, and, feeling the reins twisted round her hand, she clung to them instinctively.

She turned to see the horse floundering nearby, desperately striving to regain the shallow crossing. But the current was too strong, sucking them back. Within two minutes they had been swept several yards downstream.

Now she noticed that the creek was flowing even faster than before, between higher banks which permitted of no overflow. Through the water her body felt the strong rhythmic beat of the gelding's powerful limbs, as he fought against the current to gain the bank. Strong swimmer though she was, she knew at once that she would need every ounce of her strength. Less than half-way across she began to feel exhausted. Heart pounding, lungs bursting, she forced her weakening limbs against imponderable resistance. Barely ten yards from her objective she knew she was beaten. There was redness before her eyes, a roaring in her ears. Her head slid below the surface, a languid feeling of defeat paralysing her brain. All she wanted was rest, at any price . . .

. . . . . .

When Tango scrambled up on to the bank, Katie sat petrified a moment, watching Margaret and the horse glide swiftly towards the next bend. Her sensitive ears caught the faint cracking of snapping twigs. Cupping her hands round her mouth, she gave a low "Coooo-ee!"

The answer came surprisingly close, hooting through the mist-grey bush. "Boss!" she yelled wildly.

Tom Barton, stumbling mud-shod, came pounding through the scrub, and Katie cantered towards him, shouting, "Quick-feller, Boss! Oh, Missus bin fallum in crick!"

He swung to the saddle as Katie slid down, dug his heels hard into Tango's flanks, and galloped off. He could hear the muffled roar of water from the narrow ravine through which the creek rushed, turbulent, churning furiously over a steep-sloping bed of rocks. Sick at heart, he searched for sight or sound of his wife.

Then he saw her swirling helplessly out into the swift heart of the current, down towards the rapids. Next instant he was in the creek, feeling the great surge of water hurl him after her.

He lunged desperately, flung an arm about her waist, keeping her head above water.

Cross-currents buffeted them, smacked in their faces, flung them again and again against the rocks. He fought like a tiger, thrashing against the current, warding off blows, trying always to make his body a buffer between Margaret and the rocks.

At last, seeing a narrow crevice in the granite wall, he gave a heave, flinging their clasped bodies into its comparative shelter. He clung there awhile, chest laboring with great painful breaths, while the torrent sucked at his feet, thudded against his straining body braced against the wall.

Clinging to a stony outcrop, he lifted her carefully across his shoulder, then, groping hard, began the perilous ascent of the rocky wall. At last, panting, trembling with fatigue, he stood at the top. Putting her gently on the rugged ground, he knelt beside her and, half-sick with dread, tried her pulse. With a great shudder of relief, he felt its faint throbbing.

. . . . . .

The rain was finished, and from the scattered clouds there radiated long arrows of light.

They stood on the homestead verandah, his arm across her shoulders. She felt its latent power, felt the strength of him flowing into her like a tide. His muscles moved against her as he raised his arm, pointing. "Look," he said, "herbage up already."

She looked, and saw the wide red earth all smudged with brilliant green.

Almost she could feel the quickened life moving in it.

She glanced up at his face, seeing its deep peace, the glow of land-pride in his eyes, and she was silent, thinking of the life budding within her. Then she leaned her head against his broad chest. "Tom," she said, "I'm going to have a baby."

Startled, he turned to her, his eyes wide. "Meg! . . . How long have you known?"

"About a month. I wasn't quite sure . . . I thought it would worry you, with the drought and everything. But now . . ." She saw a proud, shy smile wrinkle the corners of his eyes, felt his chest swell as he drew a deep breath.

He whispered hoarsely, "The drought broken . . . and this, too!" His eyes swept the country which spread out before them. "Now we have something big to work for, you and I. Someone to pass all this on to."

He looked down at her, his eyes tender. Gently he tilted her face to his.

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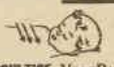

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Patti Morgan has a start on road to film fame

Studio asks her: "Are there any more at home like you?"

Within a week of landing in England, Sydney model Patti Morgan had found a flat. Within four weeks found a film contract. Two miracles in a month!

Everything points to stardom for this lovely Australian girl. She has signed a seven-year contract with Premier Film Productions, where her arrival caused a minor riot; and her agent, famous as a starmaker, is wildly enthusiastic about her future.

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

THE agent, John Gliddon, who made Stewart Granger, Vivien Leigh, Deborah Kerr, Sally Gray, and, more recently, Michael Rennie and Beryl Baxter, was anxious to know if Mrs. Morgan had any more at home like Patti.

The studio people, less specific, but more flattering, wanted to know if there were any other girls in Australia like her.

So convinced are they of Patti's screen possibilities, and of the latent acting ability she showed in her film test, that they have already cast her in "The Idol of Paris," to be made by the same team that produced "The Wicked Lady."

She will be featured with Michael Rennie and new discoveries Beryl Baxter and Christine Norden.

Beyond that Premier Film Productions are grooming her for romantic roles with tall, rangy Michael Rennie, who is about the tallest star in British films, and will tower above Australia's blonde, long-legged screen find.

Patti and her mother are very cosy in a tiny flat in Richmond, near the Thames, which friends found for them.

Patti came armed with a sheaf of introductory letters to the men who make stars in England, but didn't need one of them.

Her photograph in the national Press was sufficient to lead to a telephone call, a film test, a contract — as quickly as that.

John Gliddon told me: "When I saw Patti's photograph I saw that she had 75 per cent. of what it takes to make a screen star.

"We gave her a screen test. It proved that she had the other 25 per cent. — intelligence, a natural flair for acting, and a nice voice."

Engaged to Englishman

PATTI MORGAN, who is 18 years old, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Morgan, of Darling Point, Sydney, and left for England with her mother last March.

Last year she announced her engagement to a young Englishman, Sub-Lieut. Geoffrey Ross-Downer, R.N.V.R.

They intend to wait for a few years before marrying, and Patti meanwhile hopes to make the screen her career.

Slim, blonde, blue-eyed, and 5ft. 8in. tall, Patti had achieved success as a photographic model before she went abroad.

During the war she was the model for an American strip cartoon, Windy City Kitty, in the American troops' paper, "Yank Down Under."

Among suburban shoppers her appearance, dressed in the gay colors our girls wear so well but English girls never seem to dare to, caused another sensation.

Patti laughed as she sheafed through the newspaper clippings that recorded her arrival.

"Look what the local paper said about me when I went shopping," she said.

The gossip reporter had written: "Women in the shopping centre at Sheen yesterday morning turned and looked at one of their sex as she walked along.

"Tall, she wore flannel trousers, a yellow jumper, yellow bandeau, and a pigtail!"

"If they consider that remarkable they haven't seen anything yet," smiled Patti.

"From what I have seen of the stars I have met, their wardrobe is very stringently rationed.

"Off the set they seem to have to make do with their few coupons, the same as anybody else.

"I have brought over 18 evening gowns, 15 tailored suits, about 25 frocks, a dozen light wool suits, and 35 bathing costumes.

"Now I am beginning to feel guilty, particularly when I look at my wardrobe, which is really wonderfully varied compared with theirs; and then the next moment I find myself wishing to have some of those superbly tailored English costumes made for me.

"I guess a girl's never satisfied! Then," she added with a thoughtful twinkle, "what I'm going to do with 35 swimsuits now that I have got them here I don't know.

"I've been swimming in some open-air baths at Roehampton, nearby, but I have to shut my eyes and not think about Sydney's surf when I dive in.

"People keep uttering dire warnings about England's weather, but we have had a brilliant month here.

"We were lucky enough to miss the fog, snow, and rain, and arrived at the beginning of the English summer.

"People in the film world have been kindness itself, and though I have never acted in my life they have been so helpful—particularly director Leslie Arliss—that I don't feel the least bit nervous about my first day on the set.

"That should be next month.

"Before that, if possible, I want to work in some small repertory show and learn some of the things that can only be learned the hard way.

"I haven't had much time to get acquainted with many film folk yet, but I have already met Stewart Granger at Pinewood, Paulette Goddard over at Shepparton, Jean Simmons, and Roger Livesey's wife, Ursula Jeans.

"And I have got to know the famous British queue! Why, I have even queued up for my swim. I have also queued up outside a skating rink—only to be knocked over by another skater who wasn't looking where he was going," and Patti rubbed a bruised shin decorated with sticking-plaster.

PRESS-CUTTINGS collected by Patti since she reached England are already impressive.

AUTOGRAPHING pictures. Premier Film Studios have already launched a campaign publicising Patti.

Susceptible butcher

NEITHER Patti nor her mother has felt the strain of British rationing yet, but Patti notices particularly the lack of butter and sweets.

"And to think my father runs a chocolate factory back in Australia!" she said.

"I have noticed that the butcher is a rather susceptible man. He looks like a promising contact to have in England.

"I shall make shameless sheep's eyes to him when we want a piece of lamb that's extra tender.

"The thing that really hits me is cigarettes at 3/4 for 20. Even the stars smoke a cigarette as though it were the last one they were going to enjoy for a long, long time.

"I am starting to do the same. And besides, no matter how good my film contract is, I am going to save."

Patti looked at me with the light of challenge in her eye: "Of course you can guess what I'm saving for."

"Don't tell me," I said, "It's a mink coat."

"Right in one," said the blonde, 18-year-old future star. "A mink coat. A white one."

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Editorial

JUNE 28, 1947

OUT-OF-DATE BUTTON DAYS

EVERY second and third Friday, on the average, earnest collectors swarm Australian cities and suburbs asking people to buy buttons for charitable causes.

Most give what they can spare willingly enough, but the unspoken reaction at sight of the collectors at stations or tram-stops has become, "What's it for THIS time?"

The badge usually announces by its shape, size, or the printed word how much the giver spent—an unnecessarily snobbish touch since a sixpenny badge may represent more generous giving, in proportion to income, than a five shilling one.

Surely the time has come to abandon this out-of-date and wasteful method of financing good works, and to replace it with the more efficient Community Chest system which has proved successful in Canada and the United States.

Under this system, one major drive is made annually, and all the various charities share in the proceeds.

The advantages are obvious.

There is immediate saving of the cost of badges, which are sold in millions in Australia.

Organising and administration costs are also cut to a minimum.

Giving is, if anything, more generous. It does not depend on what happens to be in the pocket or purse at the moment of being asked to help. Knowing this will be the only call of its kind for the year, people are willing to make their offering fairly substantial.

The more modern system need not dry up those wells of sympathy that lie behind the hours of tiring duty given by collectors on button days. There is plenty of opportunity for voluntary service in the community.

It is the button day that is wasteful. An Australia-wide conference or separate State conferences could adapt the more modern method to local needs.

THE REFRESHMENT ROOM CRUSH, national feature of our train travel, is not one that commends itself to overseas tourists.

It seems to me . . .

BY

Dorothy Drain

THAT fey post-holiday beachcombing mood of mine has passed, and I'm ready to concentrate on the more important things of life, such as that wonderful new secret weapon which "makes the atom bomb look clumsy," and Mr. Chifley's present of a few extra shillings in the forthcoming pay envelope.

Apart from a tendency to practise (under cover of my desk) a splendid knot for tying a fish-hook on to a trace, which I learned last week-end, I am practically my normal, harassed self again.

Rather more than harassed, in fact, when I read that the new scale of weekly tax instalments wasn't as roseate as it looked.

The Commissioner of Taxation has announced they're worked out to meet the average case, that is, to allow for average medical expenses. If you haven't any medical expenses, the instalments won't cover your assessment.

It makes being healthy seem positively dismal.

* * *

CATCHING up on things, I went to see "Caesar and Cleopatra," that much-discussed film which got such a bad time from the English critics, including the late James Agate, who devoted a whole page of the Tatler to panning it.

Apparently what irked everyone so much was its great cost — officially £1,300,000, unofficially nearer £2,000,000.

So a lot of people kept totting it up mentally at so much per palm tree, stone column, and Shavian crack.

As they weren't my millions, I took the callous view, and just enjoyed myself.

* * *

TARONGA PARK ZOO authorities have discounted the suggestion that the gastric ulcers which killed Rupert the Rhinoceros were caused by worry.

Some people are sceptical
That an animal can be dyspeptical.
Yet it's true
That in a zoo
Being stared at may make a rhinoceros
Just as cross as us.

* * *

PEOPLE have been searching for an old man who has wandered in the New South Wales bush for 60 years.

If he were still alive, his trustee wanted to induce him to spend the rest of his days in the comfort he can afford.

But what is comfort? Is it a tiled bathroom, or a fur coat, or a tram stop two minutes from your door?

This elderly man apparently had enough money to drive a car in the thick of the city traffic, to eat at the most popular (and most crowded) city restaurants.

But 60 years ago he took to the bush, leaving his farm in his brother's care.

Perhaps the old man has been doing just what he likes, and what could be more comfortable than that?

* * *

THAT American railway fireman who phoned the Kremlin just to have a chat with Mr. Molotov was a bright boy.

As they used to say in the Air Force, there should be more of it.

The way suspicion and tension are increasing between Russia and the other Powers, a few more "ordinary little guys who want to be sociable" (as the fireman described himself) might do a bit of good.

They could hardly achieve less than the diplomats have to date.

NOW that air travel has solved one of our main difficulties, long distances, we should have a good chance of getting more overseas tourists to spend their money in Australia. Before the days of first-class air services we found it hard to keep tourists contented on long journeys.

Not only are our trains among the world's worst, but our more dramatic scenic attractions are separated by hundreds of miles of bush, which, from a train window, differs little along most of the eastern seaboard.

Don't take me up wrongly on this. I'm not only fond of gum-trees, I like railway tea. In fact, I like few things better than standing on a compartment platform, ready to leap to the platform and run full belt for a mug of tea and a large ham sandwich.

But that's the kind of thing overseas tourists don't care for at all. It's an inherited national taste, just as the Spanish like dining after 10 p.m., and the Eskimos enjoy seal.

Besides, most overseas tourists have reached the age where they have saved up enough money to travel, and that, sad to say, is usually about the age that the knees give out—they can't stand that refreshment-room sprint.

* * *

I DON'T want to harp, but I've noted a couple of things lately that give further evidence of a trend I mentioned a few weeks back—the way our sex equality is beginning to work to women's disadvantage.

Within a month in Sydney there have been two cases where men secured damages in court cases against fiancees who had changed their minds about marrying the plaintiffs.

And then Mickey Rooney, saying that £5000 a year was quite enough alimony for his ex-wife, added that she "was strong, healthy, and ambitious, and would soon be able to support herself."

That Andy Hardy has grown up right enough. And he seemed such a nice boy, too.

* * *

AT a party I went to the other day some business men were talking about the merits of Australians and Americans as wives.

One travelled Australian maintained American women are more mercenary.

To illustrate his point, he described a conversation he overheard at New York's exclusive Stork Club, where, at the next table, a young woman was telling her husband that she had decided to leave him.

The husband demanded an explanation.

Said the wife: "You just haven't made the progress thought you would."

The husband didn't think this adequate. So the wife elaborated her point:

"If you joined a firm," she said, "and it didn't make the progress you expected, you'd leave it and take a better position, wouldn't you? Well, that's the way I feel about you."

* * *

WE'VE got some new fluorescent lighting in this office (just like some of the rooms in Federal Parliament House it is now), and an expert from round the place has just called in to ask how I liked mine.

I was most enthusiastic about it, said it was fine, thank you.

He said that some people take a while to get accustomed to it, but he finds younger people like it. This pleased me inordinately.

Interesting People

MISS LEILA BRIDGMAN
. . . ordinary life good

JUST appointed National General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of Australia, Miss Leila Bridgman says: "It's grand to be back living in Australia after three years in a Japanese internment camp in Batavia." Miss Bridgman, who is a New Zealander, went to Singapore as general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. there, and assisted with the evacuation of European women before the city fell. She was released in September, 1945, and in 1946 was back at work as director of training.

MR. W. H. KITSON, M.L.C.
. . . W.A. Agent-General

SINCE 1910 William Kitson, born in Leeds, Yorkshire, has lived in Australia. Now he has gone back to England as Agent-General in London for Western Australia. He settled in Albany, W.A., as a farmer, then in Murchison district. Still retains interest in farming, but for 22 years has been member of Parliament. Was Chief Secretary and Minister for Police before taking present post, also general secretary Fremantle Trades Hall, president East Fremantle Football Club.

L/CPL. IRENE KILBY
. . . has become a Moslem

ATTRACTIVE Irene Kilby, of the A.T.S., has renounced world she has known for 20 years and will become Moslem. At London Registry Office she married Indian who is Army captain. In India will have an Islamic wedding with full Moslem rites. Moslems are allowed four wives, but Irene does not expect to find any co-wives in her home. Her comment on fact that she can be divorced if husband orders her out three times is: "I am sure we will have happy life in India. We are very much in love."

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Hey, Mum, lookit me.

I just figured out a new trick.

Are you sure you're watching?

Oh, boy, this trick's better'n I expected.

★ **The Australian Women's Weekly has arranged to publish every week the famous Constance Bannister baby strip.**

Recognised as America's most brilliant photographer of babies, Constance Bannister has brought delight into thousands of homes in the States by her strip, which is a series of baby pictures instead of the usual comic drawings.

She sells more baby pictures to newspapers and magazines than any other American photographer, and her baby strip appears twice a week in 50 U.S. newspapers. Editors would like to have it every day but she cannot fit any more work into her already overcrowded days.

Constance Bannister chose the name "Baby Banter" for her strip because of its originality and euphony. The name has been used with slight variations in film shorts made by Warner Brothers and Columbia Pictures. Warners' latest film on the subject is "Bantering with Bannister's Babies."

I lived in an ivory tower in British India

Life of Europeans was remote from problems of populace

By JESSIE BOYD

Before I went to India, I was warned that I would live in an ivory tower if I wasn't careful.

During my stay there I found it difficult to do anything else because I worked with Australians, and opportunities for meeting Indians socially rarely occurred.

My particular ivory tower was one or other of the palatial hotels which have housed succeeding generations of burra sahibs and memsahibs. These provide coveys of bearers as shock absorbers between their guests and the teeming life that swirls beyond their walls.

YOU need shock-absorbers. No matter what you've read and heard about India, the calamitous reality of its poverty and suffering comes as a shock.

After a while you become numb to the sights, sounds, and smells.

And if vultures perch on the tops of your ivory towers around sunset the significance is understandably lost in the afterglow of the pleasant cocktail hour that precedes dinner at nine.

In self-defence you must forget the corpses and the beggars in the streets.

When I saw India toward the end of the war years the British Raj was no longer infallible. The picture presented was a curious mixture of the British-dominated past and the Indian future.

Here and there it was obvious that the new era of India for the Indians had begun.

For instance, during the past few years the chains of big hotels formerly owned by Europeans have been been bought out by Indians.

Speaking of one world-famous old hostelry, an Australian memsahib summed up the new position in one sentence:

"You would hardly know the place. Dhotis in the dining-room and curry for every meal."

Dhotis, which look like a loosely arranged nappie, with muslin folds reaching almost to the ankles, are a recognised form of gent's suiting in that area, and curry is as national a dish as roast beef.

But for all that, India is still a country where Europeans eat five meals a day and the mass of the Indian people are lucky if they get the equivalent of one good feed.

The ordinary Indian's main problem is a basic one of existence. His cherished hope is that he may obtain something more than bare subsistence.

Much has been made of the contrast this presents with the lives of British officials and traders in the expensive hotels, or the even more expensive flats and houses with their retinues of servants.

Yet the wives of sahibs holding even minor posts cannot perform the smallest task for themselves without taking the chapattis from the hungry mouths of the thousands of Indians waiting to do it for them.

Even in big hotels the guests need extra services from the servants, or may employ their own bearers. A bearer does small things for your personal comfort, brings your tea, sees that there is plenty of iced water at all times, and supervises sweepers, who are also paid by the guests.

Some of the service is a revelation to Australians. Tara Dutt, my part-time bearer, for instance, would always arrange my chapplies (an airy type of sandal) so that when I got up after siesta they were facing the right way for me to slip my feet into.

Most Indians prefer to work for British people, who generally pay them more and treat them better than their own people. Thanks, rather naturally, do not interest them nearly as much as baksheesh. In fact, my Urdu teacher told me that there is no word or phrase in Hindustani or Urdu in the sections of either language devoted to addressing "inferiors." "Accha" — good—is the only substitute.

When a friend asked the teacher for the Hindustani equivalent of "Good luck," he replied sadly, "There is no good luck in Hindustani," and I am inclined to agree with him.

Until wartime, when memsahibs took on voluntary jobs in the Services, or worked with the Women's Voluntary Service in canteens, there was little European women could do to pass the time except to endeavor to create for themselves and their menfolk a nostalgic atmosphere of home.

In India as in most eastern countries, European women mix in the strata of society determined by their husband's rank or position in the business world.

If they are playing mah-jongg or bridge by 11 a.m., it is because there is literally nothing else to do.

Lunch is a leisurely affair. The troops lampooned the life of the sahibs this way when I was in Delhi:

"Sticking it out at the Cecil,
Doing our bit for the war;
Going through hell at Maiden's Hotel,
Where they stop serving lunch after four" . . .

An exaggeration then. Our red-whiskered, pugareed waiter, one of a small army corps rigged out in white uniforms with pale blue sashes, could act very fiercely if you came in after two-thirty.

This was one of the things that made me think there was something behind the "Quit India" slogan, because I knew Mr. Wirewhiskers really wanted to serve us. We were a permanent source of revenue, so he buzzed like an angry wasp if the other waiters came near us. But he was prepared to indicate that he had some rights, too.

To see the Indian countryside come to life in the dawn from a train window is to find yourself in the middle of an illustration from a Bible story.

People are rising and shaking the dust from their clothes just where they have slept under busses, or in the open. Or you see them come from primitive little clusters of mud huts which might have been built by huge wasps.

The women in their dusty, zinnia-colored robes carry brass water vessels on their heads as they weave through the tiny patchwork fields of maize or rice, or across dusty arid stretches of which there are plenty.

The men in dingy white are yoking up the white oxen with the long pink ears for the day's work—pulling clumsy wooden carts or primitive ploughs.

In the North you see peacocks strutting through the dust and camels padding solemnly along with a sneering expression, past the fantastic ruins of earlier civilisations.

But although I saw so much that was colorful and absorbing in the few months I lived in India, it seemed to me that I lacked any real understanding of the country, because I was living in an ivory tower, and it was so difficult to meet Indians themselves.

Indian servants often speak English so well that Australians and British people do not bother to learn more than a few phrases of bazaar Urdu, and this is a big factor in keeping them apart from the life of the country.

Death, however, speaks all languages, and it is omnipresent in India. So Indian and European alike have come to observe its grim reaping—among the Indians—with fatalistic calm.

It takes terrific tolls in sickness, accident, flood, famine, and rioting.

Average expectation of life is under 30 years.

In smallpox and cholera epidemics and in famines there are bodies on the sidewalk.

In New Delhi it is a matter for pride that even the smallest dwelling has a tap.

In Delhi, where street pumps are provided and where the population is housed in rickety tenements or sleep in tiny shops or boxlike compartments, as well as in the street, the infant mortality is about twice as high.

But as a hotel acquaintance remarked, "If nearly all the babies grew up how would they be fed?"

I cannot forget a stroll I took (against competent advice) down to the river bank where the burning ghats (funeral pyres) were, and the breezes blew the ashes of the dead into the water not far from where the dhobis did our washing.

As the death-roll mounts some Indians, too, agree fatalistically that it is nature's way of evening things up. The country could not feed her population if the mortality rate decreased.

In spite of this grim background, India exercised a fascination I found impossible to resist, and I would like to go back some day.

Through my office window I would sometimes see a mongoose streak across the drive, and occasionally a performing bear would lumber along the road, following his master. Snake-charmers passed almost daily.

And I shall never forget my first sight of Madras from the air, with its white buildings, the (from that altitude) sparkling blue waters of the harbor, and the streets and gardens vivid with flame-of-the-forest trees in bloom.

Or the unforgettable tracery of the Taj Mahal towers of white marble against the blue sky at Agra . . . and the Red Fort at Delhi.

Though the British are speeding up plans to "Quit India," many of the ivory-tower dwellers will remain to carry on the businesses they have built up there, and perhaps some will work for the new Indian Governments.

But it will be a changed India, and for the better, I hope.

When newly arrived, I was indignant to see that hotels charged the same rate for bearers and dogs. I soon came to realise that an English dog lived better than most of the Indian masses.

FRONTIER SCENE at the far end of the famed Khyber Pass.

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Two bring fast relief

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Fellow townsmen build home for Kenna, V.C., and bride

Community effort is delightful sequel to hero's hospital romance

The townspeople of Hamilton, Victoria, 200 miles from Melbourne, have solved the housing problem for their V.C., Ted Kenna, and his pretty little ex-Aamws bride, formerly Marjorie Rushbury.

A fine block of land in Carmichael Street has been offered to them as a gift, and £1300 is already in hand to pay for the house.

THIS fine community effort is a very practical expression of gratitude to a man to whom Australia owes much. Everybody in the township is taking a hand.

Honorary architect Mr. L. Proud is now engaged in the preparation of plans for the house.

Mr. Alan Francis, a plumber, who was Ted's former boss, has offered to do all the plumbing free, and offers have been received for free installation of electric light.

WEDDING PICTURE of Ted Kenna and his bride, Marjorie Rushbury, after their marriage at St. Paul's, Coburg, a few weeks ago.

Trustees for the house are Mr. Gordon Rasmussen, who was Mayor at the time Ted gained his V.C.; Mr. L. M. Hughan, former president of the Returned Soldiers' League; and Mr. Andrew Walls, former president of the Dads' Association. The money was raised by an appeal which brought in many contributions, and by two gymkhanas.

The block of land has a double frontage to Carmichael Street and a side street.

A working-bee of Hamilton citizens will be organised to improve the surroundings of the house when it is built.

Ted and Marjorie became engaged in October last year, and were married a few weeks ago. Until their house is ready they are living with Ted's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pat McKay, at Hamilton.

They spent their honeymoon at a pretty yellow painted cottage lent to them by the Melbourne doctor in whose Collins Street rooms Marjorie worked before she joined the Army Medical Women's Service.

Love at first sight

OVER morning tea, little Mrs. Kenna told how their romance blossomed over the cups of tea she smuggled in to him at Heidelberg Hospital.

About three weeks after the action in which Ted Kenna gained the Victoria Cross for charging a machine-gun post with a Bren gun and silencing it, he was wounded in the face and neck.

He was flown to Heidelberg Military Hospital, where he lay almost in a coma for about a fortnight.

Marjorie was called in to assist a sister to get the young V.C. from a stretcher to his bed.

The first time he came to, it was love at first sight, when he saw bending over him the pretty Aamws with her fair curly hair framed in a white veil, centred with a red cross.

He told Marjorie at once that she was the only girl for him.

"DINNER'S READY." Marjorie Kenna calls through the servery window to Ted Kenna, V.C., at their honeymoon house at Sassafras, Vic.

"I just laughed at him, but after he persisted for about three months I began to believe him," she said.

Marjorie said feeding Ted was a difficult business. He had been shot through the jaw, and his teeth were clamped together while bone from his hip was used to mend his jaw. He could have only a liquid diet for weeks.

"I just poured soup down his throat," she said. "It was a worry getting him to take it, but he always liked a cup of tea. He kept on asking me to marry him."

At last, in October, 1945, she accepted him. The young V.C., with his jaw gradually mending, spent most of his leave from the hospital at Marjorie's home in Coburg.

As she has six brothers and three sisters living at home, the young couple had to go for a stroll to be alone together.

"I said yes to Ted under the verandah of the little shop at the corner," said Marjorie.

Ted left the hospital and went to Hamilton in December, visiting his mother and other members of his family.

"He rested for three months and then took his present job as assistant caretaker at the Town Hall, Hamilton," said Mrs. Kenna.

"Plastic surgery has made a wonderful job of his jaw in spite of the fact that the bullet ploughed its way through his lip, knocked all his teeth out on one side, went downwards through his neck, and came out at his shoulder. The scar is barely noticeable, except for one section on his neck.

"The only thing is I can't whistle the girls," he said, laughing, and tried to purse his lips.

"Just as well, too," said his wife. "If you whistle another girl——" she warned him with a laugh.

Her twinkling hazel eyes are full of fun, her bubbling good spirits are a wonderful foil for Ted's quiet humor.

They are always teasing each other.

Very domesticated, Ted votes her "tops" in cooking after their honeymoon housekeeping.

The wood-fire stove in the kitchen held no terrors for country-bred Marjorie.

She lived for the first 15 years of her life in a Victorian country town, Alexandra, before her parents came to Melbourne.

Both she and Ted are very happy to be settling in Hamilton. Ted, a keen footballer, plays for Hamilton Firsts, and Marjorie loves tennis and swimming.

Landscapes "painted" in wood

Landscapes and portraits made from hundreds of pieces of veneer are being "painted" here by Mr. Richard Bishop, a fair, blue-eyed Englishman who came to Australia in 1926.

Each piece of veneer, after it has been intricately cut with infinite skill, is fitted to form the picture like a jigsaw puzzle.

LOOKING at the finished picture it is hard to imagine that the whole thing started with a series of veneer oddments.

Mr. Bishop has worked in the veneer business for eighteen years, and knows just what to look for in a veneer. Now that he has left the business, he hopes to make painting in wood his life's work.

Before he can start a painting he has to make an intense search for veneers of all colors. A certain color must be used for the sky, different shades must be put in to show depth and perspective, so it is exciting to come across a freak piece of veneer which might lend itself to a special part of the picture.

"The freakish pieces are of no value in furniture," said Mr. Bishop, "but they are most valuable to me. I look for a knot in timber which lends itself to my work. I can use it, say, for the trunk of a tree. I have a piece of veneer from Australian ash, with a water stain on it, colored a greenish grey. This is a pure freak, because rain must have impregnated the tree."

Shuffling thin pieces of veneer like a pack of cards, Mr. Bishop pointed out enthusiastically stripes in one sheet, mottling in another, then came up with an ace—a piece of American walnut, almost green and mottled.

"That's known as fiddleback, because it is often used for the backs of violins," he said.

Mr. Bishop either works from his own design or copies original paintings. Landscapes are his favorites.

Using a fine-pointed knife which thickens from the point, he has to work on the side which will be the back of the picture. On the right side the pieces of wood are dragged closely together by the knife.

"It's delicate work. Take cutting round leaves on trees, for instance. You've got to fit the different pieces of veneer in like a jigsaw. You must keep light veneer away from the sides of the picture to give attention to the centre," he explained.

"I want to make murals by this method. I believe the ships Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth have murals made of wood, and I've seen a photograph of a wooden mural in an American golf club.

"But I won't start any murals unless I get orders. It's far too expensive.

"I would like to see houses of the future designed with a wooden mural over the fireplace. The picture should be in keeping with the room. Square in a square room, light-colored wood in a dark room, and with different colored veneers to blend with the timber in the house.

"There is great scope for this work to develop."

LANDSCAPE wood design, made by Mr. Richard Bishop out of pieces of veneer.

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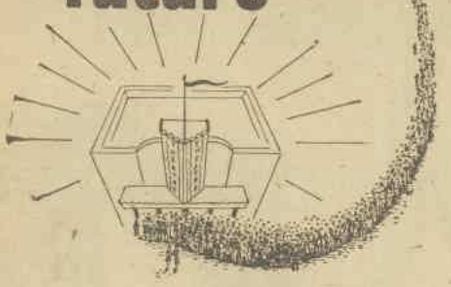
Preview of your future



CHOOSE BETWEEN THESE TWO PROGRAMMES NOW

WHY CARELESS SPENDING IS DANGEROUS

To-day, with goods still in short supply, more money is in pockets and banks than ever before—money "on the loose" and dangerous!

Every unnecessary expenditure, by each and every one of us, adds its weight to the avalanche of inflationary tendency—which, if uncontrolled, could precipitate national and personal disaster.

There are two safeguards against inflation—price control and *self-control*—the voluntary restriction by *you* of your own spending.

HOW SAVING HELPS

Saving helps you and Australia two ways . . .

First, it brings full production and better values nearer—faster! It defeats blackmarkets . . . helps control prices, maintains our living standards and the value of our pay, pensions, insurances, savings.

Secondly, you build up purchasing power for the good times ahead . . . you secure your future . . . help make your plans become realities.

5 WAYS TO SECURE YOUR FUTURE—AND AUSTRALIA'S

1. Buy only what you really need. Spend wisely . . . get full value. Save all you can.
2. Pay no more than the fixed or regular prices. Always surrender coupons.
3. Don't waste money on blackmarket goods.
4. Pay your way. Settle your debts. Buy for cash.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds, Savings Certificates and Stamps. Later on, you'll have the money, plus the interest, to spend on better goods in plentiful supply at better values. Hold all the Bonds and Certificates you own.

PROGRAMME 1 THE BUBBLE THAT BURST

A SAD STORY IN THREE ACTS! With money in the bank and cash in hand, Mr. and Mrs. enjoy a spending spree. Quality and price don't matter, so long as they get what they want. "It's easy if you're prepared to pay," they say.

EASY COME, EASY GO! The habit of careless spending and not counting the cost swallows up income, makes inroads into savings. But money squandered on extravagant living can't be recovered. Bills pile up, and funds get short.

A FEW YEARS PASS. Goods are plentiful again; quality is the best; real values are obtainable. The things they've really wanted are now available everywhere . . . but the money's gone! So have their dreams of prosperity and security!

PROGRAMME 2 SUCCESS STORY

TO-DAY'S HIGH PRICES AND BLACK-MARKETS give this couple the jitters—they want value for their hard-earned money. They're not mean—just sensible—when they decide to save. They get quite a kick out of the regular purchase of Bonds and Savings Certificates.

PLENTY OF FUN without extravagant spending! The Bonds and Savings Certificates they have bought bring peace of mind, with the certainty of a secure future and purchasing power saved up for good use later on.

HAPPY ENDING. Goods are plentiful again; quality is the best; real values are obtainable, and their savings make their future secure! It was doubly profitable to wait, because savings are now increased by the better than bank interest those Bonds and Savings Certificates have earned.

Save for Security

BUY BONDS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

NSW. (B.S.)

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

MONDAY, June 30, can be a day of confusion for many people, and caution is advised for most star groups, even those for whom the present week is favorable, on the whole.

Cancerians, Piscean, Taurians, and Virgoans should make the most of the present period of fortunate days, but Arians, Librans, and Capricornians should live quietly and dodge discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly for some weeks and dodge contracts and decisions. June 25 (evening), 26, 27, and 30 (early) all poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Fair prospects on June 24 (after 11 a.m.), 25, and 26. June 28, 29, and 30 poor. July 1 helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Consolidation of past gains proves best now. June 26 good, but 27 (sunset), 29, and July 1 all poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fortunate days now, so seek gains, especially on June 23 (after 11 a.m.),

"Oh, dear! It was so much nicer when they just burned you in effigy."

25 (to noon), 29, 30 (after noon), and July 1 (except midday).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Seek modest progress now. June 25 (morning) and 26 fair; 28, 29, and 30 (morning) all difficult. July 1 (except midday), very good.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): A mixed week. June 24 (after midday) and 25 fair, but be discreet on 27 (sunset), 30, and 31.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Difficulties are likely now, so live quietly. Avoid risks on June 24 (forenoon), 25 (late), 26, 27, and 29 (morning).

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be ambitious now. June 25 (to noon), 26, 28, and 30 (sunset) all very good. July 1 (except 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.) excellent.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): June 24 and 25 poor, 26 and 29 (to 3 p.m.) fair. July 1 (except 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.) may prove surprisingly fortunate.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Beware pitfalls now, and avoid contracts and legal decisions. June 25 (evening), 26, 27, 28 (after midday), and 30 (to midday) all adverse.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Unspectacular days. June 26, 29, and 30 all poor, but July 1 (except noon to 3 p.m.) can prove pleasing. Seek minor gains then.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek gains now. June 26, 28 (to 9 p.m.), 29, and 30 (sunset hours) all fortunate. July 1 can prove tricky.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 21-22.

SUGAR: 57-16 (cumulative).

BUTTER: 22-24.

MEAT: Black, 50-53 (54-56 available July 7); green, 57 and 59 (61 and 63 available July 7).

CLOTHING: Z37-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are at a charity benefit performance where
FARAVELLI: Famous singer, is killed by a poison dart during his performance.
SCHMIDT: Orchestra leader, also received a threatening note, and so is guarded by police. A dart misses Schmidt, and kills a policeman.

While the audience is being searched, Mandrake talks to Schmidt. He says that the killer may be the man who attacked Faravelli on the way to the theatre. Unknown to Mandrake, a figure high up waits to drop a heavy concrete curtain weight upon the unsuspecting pair. Lothar walks up to Mandrake. NOW READ ON:

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Stop Press: Don't miss Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine at your newsagent or bookstall, 1/- —— Look for it every month

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CUTTING THE CAKE. Alex Halcombe, of Merriba, Boggabilla, and his bride, formerly Elisabeth House, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. B. House, of Orange, cut wedding cake at reception at Australia Hotel after marriage at St. James' Church.

SIGNING THE REGISTER. Ian Other Gee and his bride, formerly Joan Scribner, sign register after wedding at St. James' Church. Bridesmaids Pam Louden, Gilgandra (left), Sue Other Gee, and Jill Scribner, Tamworth, look on. Couple will make future home at Moree.

RECEPTION. Consul-General for Czechoslovakia, Mr. Menect Nemecek (right), and his wife entertain at their Point Piper home in honor of visiting Czechoslovakian Rafael Kubelik, guest conductor with A.B.C. Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

RACES AT RANDWICK. Captain David Cathcart, British Army liaison officer, stationed in Sydney, squires Alison Cunningham to Randwick races on King's Birthday week-end meeting.

Intimate Gettings

CANBERRA residents thrilled to have brand new night-club—one and only in capital. "The Gloucester" opens at gala dinner dance to which legation members, visiting "firemen" and Canberra's Mugga Way folk invited.

"The Gloucester," named after former Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, is located at Civic Centre. Eight casement windows open on to balconies commanding glorious views of Canberra's Parliament House, Yarralumla, and, in distance, snow-capped hills.

Local lass Gwen Jamieson is responsible for charming murals of Australian birds, including the lyre bird, in gorgeous colors. Gwen works in Department of Information, and does murals in spare time. Mrs. Comb, of Barton House, who runs club, chooses color scheme of light primrose with soft green curtains. Woodwork, pottery, and china tone with beautiful Indian rugs in soft jade and cream tonings. Fluorescent lighting and exquisite wall-lamps complete luxury appointments.

• • •

AUSTRALIAN CLUB, recently formed in San Francisco, arranges a number of teas and luncheons to bring together Australian war brides and others from this part of the world who reside round about 'Frisco. At recent party the Consul-General's wife, Mrs. E. K. Smart, was hostess, assisted in entertaining by Kay Fawkes. Twenty brides present include Mesdames Robert McKenzie, Sydney McGinty, Kathleen Ford (Brisbane), Winnie Wall (Melbourne), M. Reichlinger, F. Schulz.

• • •

SYDNEY agog with news of quiet wedding at Presbyterian Church, Haberfield, of polo playing Jamie MacLeod and charming widow Mrs. Mildred McKinnon, who was Mildred Scott. Couple honeymoon in Canberra and motor on to Melbourne, then Wrest Point, Tasmania. After month's honeymoon Mildred and Jamie will make home in Sydney and Junee.

• • •

IT'S a daughter for the Hugh Ross', of Garangula, Harden. Mrs. Ross is in St. Luke's, and will stay with her mother, Mrs. M. Ryan, for few weeks when she comes out of hospital.

Other news on the baby front . . . Margaret and James Ross, of Rosslyn, Holbrook, have baby daughter . . . Margaret and Jika Travers also have a baby daughter at Oxford, where Jika is Rhodes Scholar . . . and the David Downes', of Cobbitty, have a daughter.

• • •

HEAR from Canberra that the former Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. Justice Davis, has arrived in Nankin to take up his new appointment as Ambassador to China, accompanied by Mrs. Davis. Their chief social engagement to date has been luncheon with the Chiang Kai-Sheks. Mr. Davis' successor at Canberra, Mr. K. A. Greene, is expected here in July in the Stratheden. Mrs. Greene and their daughter Patsy travel with him.

WELCOME TO AUSTRALIA. Consul for Norway, Mr. Nils Storaker, and Mrs. Storaker give party at their Bellevue Hill home in honor of Norway's first Minister to Australia, Mr. Lars Jorstad (right). Group includes Mr. K. V. Monie (left), Mrs. Jorstad, Mr. Storaker, Mrs. Storaker, and Mr. Jorstad.

WED IN AMERICA. Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Martin Nelson and their attendants, Mrs. Vernon Hood and Mr. Marvin Hoffmeister, after marriage at Sellwood Baptist Church, Portland, Oregon. Bride formerly Jean Sproull, daughter of the C. H. Sproulls, of Coogee.

NEWLYWEDS. The Trav Falkiners (right) chat with Mr. and Mrs. J. Holborrow at party at Pickwick Club when they say "hello" to Sydney friends. Trav and his bride, formerly Deirdre Dalton, of Kangaroobie, Orange, recently wed in Melbourne.

COUNTRY INTEREST. John Sherwood and his bride, formerly Mary Corlis, elder daughter of the W. C. Corlis', Bandanora, Capertee, near Mudgee, leave St. Mary's Cathedral with matron of honor, bride's sister, Mrs. Kitch Donellan, and best man, George Osborne.

INTERSTATE interest in wedding at St. John's Church, Canberra, when Vailima Parbery, of Canberra, and Lieut. Mostyn Williams, son of the D. Williams', of Ruby Vale, Rockhampton, Queensland, marry.

Bridesmaids are Else Perry and Heather McDonald, and Captain Stuart Gordon, of Royal Military College, Duntroon, and Reg. Williams, of Adelaide, attend groom. Reception follows ceremony at Canberra Hotel, and couple leave by plane for honeymoon in Mostyn's native Queensland.

• • •

CELEBRATION of twenty-first birthday this Thursday for popular country lass Clare Byrnes, daughter of Mr. V. J. Byrnes, of Rimini, Manilla. Few of Clare's friends attending include Adele Carroll, of Camden, Judith McAuliffe, of Yass, and Moya Bowen, of Darling Point. Clare has just had her portrait painted by artist Howard Barron.

• • •

PRETTY Gunnedah lass Helen Armstrong, from Goolhi, and her fiance, Syd Stindl, secretary of Northern and North-Western District Racing Association, plan their marriage at St. Philip's, Sydney, during first week in September. Helen and Syd have had round of local picnic race meetings.

LETTERS received by Mrs. W. Stokes, of Bondi, from her daughter, Mrs. Alvin Bauermeister, formerly Avleen Stokes, of Sydney and Tumut. Avleen and her husband arrived in San Francisco, and lovely flowers sent by her husband's people were awaiting her on arrival. Avleen and Alvin plan motor tour from Frisco to Chicago, where they will make their home.

• • •

SURPRISE engagement when Dugald Bertie and Mrs. Norma Pottie announce engagement at party at home of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Beeman, of East Lindfield. Party is held to welcome Mrs. Beeman's sister, Betty Thorby, of Dubbo, who has come to Sydney for a holiday.

• • •

PHILIP HARGRAVE'S Bechstein grand will have pride of place in luggage which his guardian, Miss Henriette Garnaut, and her niece, Helena Fisher, stow aboard the Orion later this year when they set off to visit Philip in Paris. He has flat ready waiting their arrival, which will coincide with his Paris debut, with recital at the Salle Chopin. Meanwhile he is staying on the Riviera.

Joyce

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WORTH Reporting

IF you harbor any illusions about the beauty of your household cat you might take a closer look at it.

The perfect cat should be low on the legs, deep in the chest, massive across the shoulders and rump, with a short, well-rounded middle piece.

In addition, it should be large or medium, with a round, massive head, neat, round-tipped ears set wide apart, a snub, broad nose, full cheeks, broad, powerful jaws, and large, round, full, brilliant eyes which give a sweet expression to the face.

Its final mark of beauty is a short tail carried without a curve and at an angle lower than the back, but not trailed when walking.

All this cat-beauty information was gleaned from Mr. Harry Wynne, secretary of the N.S.W. Cat Fanciers' Association.

A personable man with closely cropped grey, curly hair, Mr. Wynne doesn't own a cat himself.

"It must be one thing or the other in our association, and I like the organising side," he said. "If I owned a good cat I might want to exhibit it and then there'd be rows galore."

At the association's recent championship show at the Marrickville Town Hall, Sydney, the 200 entrants ranged in color from pure white, silver, and light blue to tortoise-shell, red, dark brown, and black.

The pedigreed varieties spent the first four or five hours in their cages in aristocratic silence, but the few ordinary household cats objected to being caged up and howled all day.

As breeders consider it better not to feed cats on the day of a show, the aristocratic felines, in their hunger, forgot their blue blood as the day wore on, and easily outhowled their poorer brothers.

"It's a bit hard on them being cooped up all day without food," said Mr. Wynne.

"Once or twice when owners were treading on each others' toes I felt like letting the cats out, and putting the owners in the cages," he mused.

"Most of the owners are women," Mr. Wynne added.

* * *

THE Good Old Days: Colonel C. L. Bagnall, in a B.B.C. talk, told recently that in America, between 1910 and 1915, small sections of fabric which could be sewn together to make rugs were issued with packets of cigarettes in an attempt to induce women to smoke.

Her number not up

MARGARET JANE BALE at 84 years old is the oldest "Hello Girl" in Britain. At the moment she is disgusted because she has just had to leave her switchboard at Cymmer, in Glamorganshire, for a couple of weeks. She fell down the steps of her home, and suffered slight injuries and shock. Her doctor has advised a couple of weeks' rest in bed. Protestingly she is obeying, but she hopes to be back quite soon saying "Number Please" on the switchboard she has controlled for 44 years.

Animal Antics

"Here's the pawn ticket, sweetheart. I had to hock the ring to rent this suit!"

Obliging stranger

A MELBOURNE businessman, Mr. Douglas Venus, has come back to Australia considerably impressed by British honesty—and with good reason.

When he weighed in at the airport, leaving London for Australia, he found that his baggage was nearly 30lb. overweight. Excess baggage costs £3/5/- (Australian) per kilo. (2.2lb.), and he would have needed to pay more than £40.

So he took some clothing and heavy items out of his suitcases, parcelled them up, and then went out into the street and spoke to the first passer-by.

Would the passer-by do him a favor? He explained the circumstances, took the man into the passenger lounge, and showed him the two parcels.

"Certainly," said the stranger, by name G. Pennell, and took away the parcels and money from Mr. Venus to cover the cost of postage.

By the first airmail after he returned, Mr. Venus received a letter, enclosing receipts for posted parcels, statements of cost, and the explanation that as one was too large Mr. Pennell had broken it into two and rewrapped contents.

"I hope and trust you receive them safely," concluded Mr. Pennell.

Better than nothing

WRITER of the Women's Voluntary Services Bulletin tells in her monthly London letter of the difficulty of buying clothes in England.

Looking for a navy-blue cardigan, she went to 11 big stores in vain. At the twelfth she saw what she described as a supply of "nauseating semi-wool garments at vast expense."

While she tried it on another customer said thoughtfully: "I wonder whether I look as awful in that as you do."

The first replied: "Nevertheless I shall buy it. I've been to eleven shops and I'm tired."

The other said: "I've been to fifteen. But even so I can't face that. It really is awful."

Passing through the same department a quarter of an hour later the writer of the anecdote saw the other woman, who, spinning round in front of a mirror in one of the shapeless coats, said: "I look worse in it than you, but I'm buying it. After all, it's navy-blue, and I suppose that's something."

Point of view

SISTER IRENE BLANCH, a Queensland girl attached to the Flying Doctor Service based at Broken Hill, told us when in Sydney recently of a visit she paid to an outback family, where six of the nine children had whooping-cough.

She had travelled there from Broken Hill partly by plane, thence by car.

One little boy asked, "How did you get here, Sister?"

"By plane," she said, not bothering to mention the car trip at the end.

"But you're too big to fit into an aeroplane!" he cried.

Sister Blanch explained that the child had never seen a plane on the ground, only in the air. In the air they looked about an inch long to him, so he couldn't see how Sister could fit in one.

Sister Blanch likes her job in the inland, but when our reporter asked her about scenery she laughed.

"There's only sand and stone and wonderful color effects in reds, browns, and yellows," she said. "We don't like scenery out there.

"Our pilots going over Flinders Range look down, but they don't say 'How beautiful.' They say, 'There's nowhere to put the ship down if anything goes wrong.'"

Sister Blanch, who comes from Nambour, Queensland, where she trained, was in the Army three years, and served in the Solomons.

Progress is wonderful

AT a reception given recently in London by the publishers of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, guests were able to look at some of the early editions.

They found that in 1810 it took five pages to expound on Love.

In the latest edition it is not even mentioned.

But in the first edition, published in 1768, the Atom rated four lines. In the 1947 edition it gets five pages.

Personally, we prefer Love.

Nylons or damages

WHEN a car knocked down an elderly woman crossing a street in Philadelphia, U.S.A., she burst into tears, not because she was hurt, but because her last pair of nylon stockings was ruined.

A woman passenger in the car whipped off her own nylons, presented them to the distracted elderly woman, who promptly decided to press no claim for damages.

Gallant record

THIS summer the motor ship Wyatt Earp will set out on her fourth visit to the Antarctic. At present she is in dock at Port Adelaide being refitted with new 450 h.p. diesel engines, radar, echo-sounding equipment, and new hulls of steel and oak.

Built in 1919 in Norway as the Fanefjord, she has twice been renamed. When Lincoln Ellsworth bought her for his trip to Antarctica in 1933 he named her Wyatt Earp after a famous sheriff of Tombstone, Arizona, and, according to a popular story, Earp's widow presented Ellsworth with his signet ring and revolvers, which were hung in the ship's wardroom.

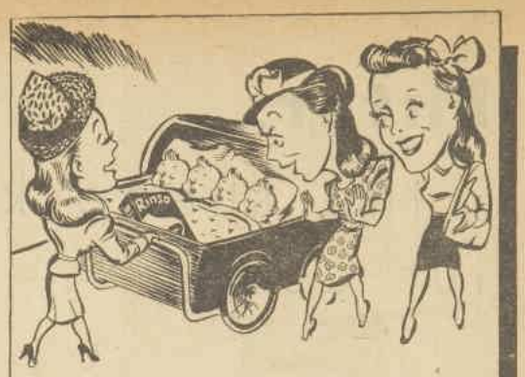
Ellsworth made three trips to the South Polar regions, and on the last one he established the fact that the Antarctic was one continent and not two islands as previously surmised.

In 1939 the Wyatt Earp was bought by the Australian Navy and renamed Wongala. For several years she acted as an examination vessel at Port Adelaide. In 1944 she made a trip to Whyalla under sail to act as guardship there, but in July of that year it seemed her days of adventure might end, for she was paid off into Navy discharge, and taken over by the Sea Scouts.

A few months ago, however, she resumed her former title of Wyatt Earp, and this small but gallant ship, which has carried such famous men as Ellsworth and Sir Hubert Wilkins, is being given £50,000 worth of beauty treatment in preparation for what may be her biggest adventure.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"Oh, come now, boys! It's too nice a day to stay indoors!"



"Gosh! . . . Just look at that RINSO!"

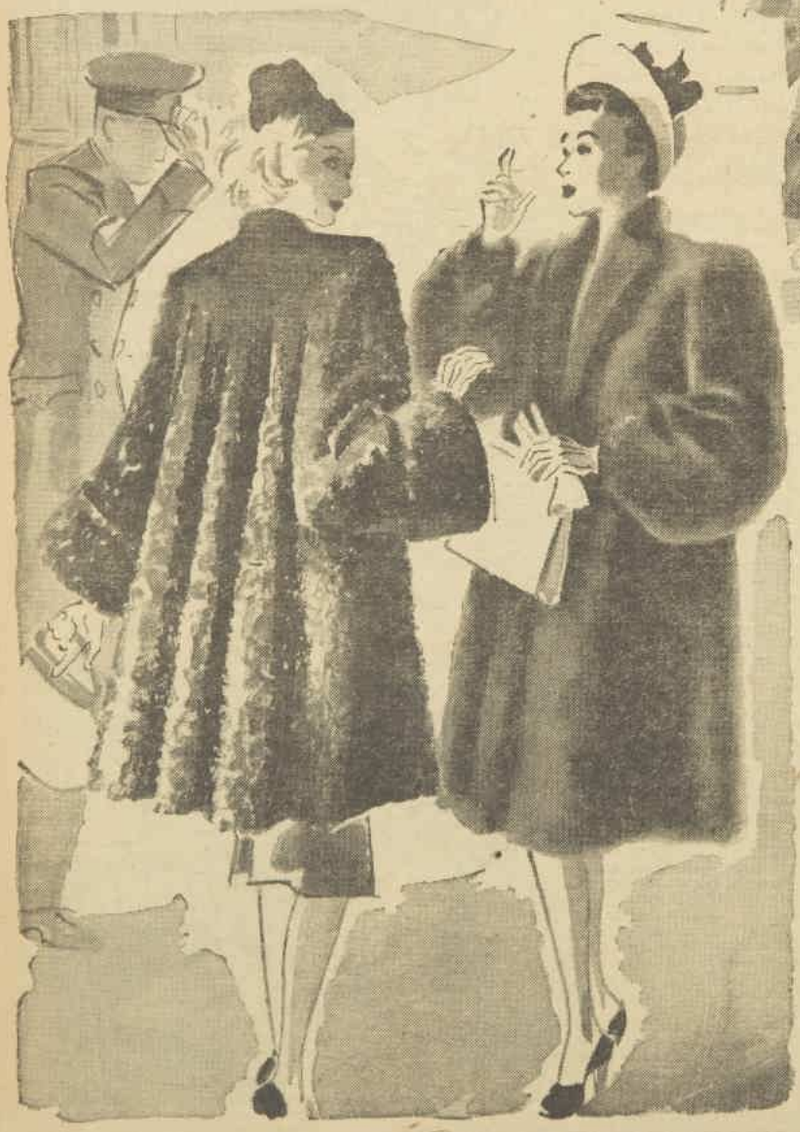
What a big surprise!

RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS save all washday rubbing!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780475

Enter...
the sheepskin fur coat...

This season the curtain goes up and leading furriers the world over present the Coat of the Year . . . The Coat of a lifetime. It's made from sheepskin but it looks like some expensive fur—beaver, broadtail, astrakan, even mink.



By a clever process in which plastic plays a big part, furriers have discovered how to treat the fleece of sheepskin to give it the soft silkiness of fur. They have found out how to make the skin itself more supple, lighter. And the styles are varied and very fashionable. They go over everything everywhere. You've always dreamed about having a fur coat or cape or jacket, haven't you? Well, now you can make that dream come true; the prices of these wonderful coats are just right.

Next time you are in town have a look at those being shown in the shops.

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780476

HEAD FIRST – into your grooming problems

Our beauty expert answers readers' varied questions

By CAROLYN EARLE

You have to take all sorts of things into consideration when you choose a new hair-do—how you live, how you work and play, and, of course, how you look. Among these questions and answers three distinct types of hair styles are discussed and illustrated.

ALSO discussed are problems of scalp oiliness, facial lines, greying hair, and diseased gums.

Q—*I wonder if you could give me some advice on hair style? I have oval face, long, dark brown hair, reaching down to my waist, low forehead, and a widow's peak.—"Rena."*

A—I have selected for you the charming style illustrated. It is perfect for an oval face, the tri-

angular part emphasises the winsome widow's peak, and softly waved sides do away with any stark look. You can constantly change round the back section to suit the occasion; a handsome coil, chignon, or a bun will look equally effective.

Q—*Could you please help me? I have very greasy hair which hangs in strands two or three days after washing. I wash it regularly once a week, but cannot find a cure for its greasiness.—L.J.*

A—Excessive oiliness of the hair usually arises from two causes, slight health unbalance and sluggish scalp pores. Locally, brushing, washing, and scalp massage is the answer. Brush as often as you can without fear of aggravating the oil flow, keeping hair implements spruce with daily washing in hot soda water. Wash hair in hot borax water as often as needed, once a week is usual, but more often at the beginning of treatment will do no harm. Use a reliable prepared shampoo, liquid soap, or green chemical soap to cleanse the scalp. Be fussy about rinsing it all out. In addition, a good spirit-base hair tonic for greasy scalp, used every night for a fortnight and followed with thorough brushing, will help the condition.

Q—*I wonder if you could design a hair style for me? I am rather tall, 5ft. 9in., and an outdoor girl, so I would not like anything that would be out of place outdoors, but at the same time I want it to be suitable for everyday wear. My profile is not very good, and short hair does not suit me, as I have a round face.—S.T.*

A—I've had a hair-style illustrated for you that I think you might like. The object is to give more facial length. It's a pity you cannot wear a centre part, because that helps distract from the round look. Wear the sides up and close in, one higher than the other; keep the back narrow and very close into the neck, either rolled under a la page-boy or an ordinary roll.

Q—*For some time I have noticed the wrinkles around my mouth. Is there anything that could be done for this before they appear too plainly? Would face packs be of any use, and how are they used, please?*
—"Interested."

A—The perfect time to start coping with face lines is while they are imperceptible. Correct massage for a few minutes night and morning with a rich, nourishing cream will hold them at bay. Here is the routine: Pat a generous amount of cream over the lines. Using the first and second fingers as spatulas, and working with both hands simultaneously, rotate gently from the outside corners of the lips up to the nostrils. Important points with face massage are: (a) Work on a thoroughly clean area with immaculate hands. (b) Massage in an upward direction very gently. (c) Don't stretch or pull the skin.

Whenever you are stroking on cream, massaging, or patting with skin freshener, puff out your mouth and cheeks several times while you work, and keep mouth corners UP.

An occasional face pack would be excellent. If possible, I'd suggest one or two professional treatments to start off with, watching the expert's movements and getting advice on the type of prepared pack suitable for your skin type.

Q—*Would you publish a line on how to whiten greying hair? You know what an objectionable color it seems to take between the two stages of changing over.—C.R.E.*

A—A special French blueing rinse is usually used on white or grey hair to make it whiter, approximately two drops to a quart of warm water, poured over the head several times and rinsed finally with clear, warm water. I'd suggest you have the first rinse at the hands of a hairdresser, at the same time ascertaining the most suitable type and amount of rinse to be used at home for the result you want.

Q—*I am wondering if you can suggest a hair style that would suit me? I am rather tall and very thin, and have a thin face. The permanent wave I had last November is just about out now, and my hair has grown to shoulder-length. I work in an office, so you see it is essential that I look well groomed.—G.A.*

A—The style to suit you is something casual and simple. With thin features you need soft fullness

at the back of the neck and widening above the temples, given with large sculptured curls. Wear a lowish side parting, and I suggest you have those hair-ends permanently waved again.

Q—*I have been treated by my dentist for gingivitis (disease of the gums) four times in the past five years. I thought you might know of something that would heal my gums up and stop them from bleeding every time I brush my teeth.—A.H.*

A—I suggest an unfailing six-monthly check up with your dentist to watch progression of the complaint and keep tab on latest treatments. For instance, from my inquiries, the current thought about gingivitis and pyorrhoea is that penicillin, applied to the gums, may solve most of the trouble. Presumably your dentist will have the latest data available and can advise you.

These are the general instructions I gathered: (a) A periodical dental visit to remove tartar and force-spray suspicious gums; (b) keeping the mouth as acid as possible, a condition the germs do not thrive in, by taking more acid-forming foods, principally meat; (c) taking at least 1000 units of Vitamin C daily to condition the gums—during shortages of fruits and vegetables, Vitamin tablets and capsules may be used to supplement the diet; (d) regular morning and evening mouth-washes of iodine-in-water (as much tincture of iodine in the water as will color it to the tint of strong tea) and used cold, and a third in-between mouthwash taken during the day, preferably of a weak peroxide of hydrogen solution.

Two Kinds of Men

Continued from page 5

DICK broke in cheerfully: "I don't know why it is girls can't cook enough asparagus, but they never do. Eileen's a pretty good little chef, though." He spoke just as if she were not there. "She was a working girl, you know, before I hooked her. Never thought she'd be so good at running a home."

"I bet Sally'll be a whole lot better." Eileen glanced at Bruce. "You don't mind if I call you 'Sally,' do you?"

"I should hope you would," Sally agreed. "We're going to see a lot of each other from now on, aren't we, with the boys such friends?"

The coffee over, Sally insisted that they all help with the dishes. Eileen got an apron with a ruffled edge. "You may as well get used to it," she told Bruce, tying it round his middle and making a perky bow in the back. She remembered the men of her bachelor days who used to think it was all great fun, cooking supper in somebody's kitchenette and then clearing up.

Afterwards, she put out the card-table for bridge.

The guests played well, and Sally even played with concentration. But plainly Bruce's mind was not on the cards. When he was dummy he got up, not to watch the playing of someone else's hand, but to pace about the room, lighting one cigarette from another.

But restless as he was, Eileen noticed with satisfaction that whenever he made that queer swinging turn at the far end of the room, he came back to fix his glance on Sally. It was an oddly concentrated look.

All in all, the evening didn't go with the swing that Eileen expected of her parties. At the end of the second rubber Bruce asked, "Mind if I use your car to take Sally home?"

"So early?" Dick was framing a real protest when he met Eileen's eyes giving him a stop signal. "If you have to," he let the protest run down. "Unless she'd rather have me take her home." He grinned archly. "No takers? Well, I'm going to take her down to the car, anyway!" He tucked his arm through Sally's, marching her off as if there were no one else in the world.

When he came back, Eileen had changed to a turquoise-blue housecoat.

"Hey, have I seen that?" Dick was interested. "What color is it?"

"It's turquoise. You're giving it to me for my birthday. Like it?"

"I am?" He eyed it critically. "Yes, it's nice; feels good, too." He pulled her down beside him.

Eileen snuggled against his arm. "Well"—she spoke with satisfaction—"it looks like a pretty successful campaign, doesn't it? Bruce simply couldn't wait to get her to himself. I never saw anything so obvious in my life."

Dick considered this. "He was always quick on the trigger," he told her.

"I honestly think we deserve a lot of credit," Eileen admitted. "I'm sure seeing us so happy clinched it for him. I only hope he's asking her now."

"Well, for goodness sake don't question him when he comes back," Dick warned her.

"What do you think I am?" Eileen's shoulder stiffened.

"I know exactly what you are; I know all about you."

It was only half an hour after the two guests had left that one of them came in again. Bruce Tripner dropped into an armchair. For the first time since Eileen had met him, she saw his thin frame relax. He lay with his head on the back of the armchair.

It was Dick who spoke. "You did pretty well for yourself."

"Yes. She's a nice kid, all right. But it's tough on a girl, getting me."

"It certainly isn't!" Eileen's tone was defensive. "You'll make a wonderful husband."

"I can't agree with you." Bruce yawned ever so slightly. "I'm not like old Dick," he went on. "I'm not—not broken in. I'd be here to-day, and to-morrow I'd be somewhere a hundred miles off. A girl wouldn't stand for that; it just wouldn't work out. I took Sally home to-night to break it off." He consulted his wrist watch. "If you people'll excuse me," he said, "I think I'll turn in. I wired Bill I'd move on to him in the morning."

Dick waited until after he'd heard the bedroom door close after his friend. "The effect of our happy home," he observed. "Well, that's over."

Eileen sat up stiffly, as if frozen. "Oh, poor Sally," she burst out.

"I wouldn't worry too much about poor Sally. I have an idea Sally can look out for herself."

Dick turned and looked down at his wife, pulling her into one arm. He set down his pipe and spoke slowly. "About Bruce—for four years he's been tied to orders. He can't get over the thrill of going anywhere, any place, any time. Another thing, he's twenty-four instead of twenty-seven."

"No, he didn't like it here." Eileen could have been a child speaking.

"It isn't that." Dick stopped, trying to think how to put it to her. "It's—it's just that he's rolling. The next place isn't goin to be any better, but he doesn't know that; he thinks it is, and so he's on his way. When a man's in that mood, responsibilities, a wife, perhaps a baby—well, it all looks like a cage. The girl who wants him has got to wait."

"He doesn't even know what being happy is," Eileen said grimly.

"You're right there." Looking down at her, Dick realised that Bruce had struck Eileen a blow above the heart. "Listen," he said at last. "Who are you running your home for, anyway—him or me?" He gathered the indignant bundle of blonde hair and turquoise brocade into his arms. "I like it here," he said.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Good news for thriller fans—Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine now here.—1/- per copy

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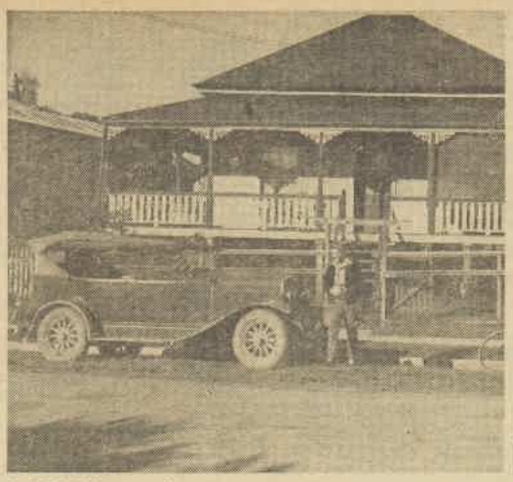
HOUSEWIFE IS POSTMAN ON 3

1 **RISING** at 5.30 a.m., Mrs. Morrell does housework, cuts lunches, gets twin daughters Pat and Barbara ready for school.



2 **AT** 8.30 a.m. after getting family breakfast she leaves home to collect mail at Murwillumbah Post Office.

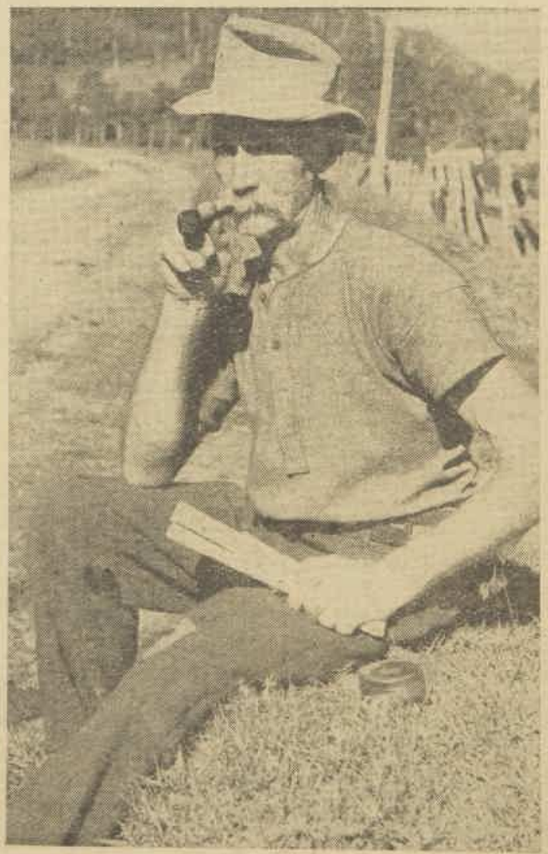
3 **SORTING** the registered mail at the Post Office.

6 **ON FOOT** across a rocky creek-bed to Upper Crystal Creek Post Office, Mrs. Morrell has now delivered mail to 20 farms.

7 **POSTMISTRESS** for 30 years at Crystal Creek, Mrs. R. Chilcott receives mail from Mrs. Morrell. By 10 a.m. Mrs. Morrell reaches Chillingham Post Office where the mail is sorted again and the car is left.

4 **READY** f[illegible] mail [illegible] driving, 7 [illegible] ahead. [illegible] doors, [illegible]

10 **PAPER** for Mrs. Wilkinson. Mrs. Morrell likes her varied deliveries; each day has some new request. She says she carries everything—from a baby's bootee to a heavy bag of cement.



11 **OLD IDENTITY** of Couch Creek, Mr. E. Gilbert, 74, receives the local paper from Mrs. Morrell.

12 **ON TH**[illegible] Mrs. M[illegible]

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4780478

37-MILE MAIL ROUND

Looks after family of four in busy 12-hour working day

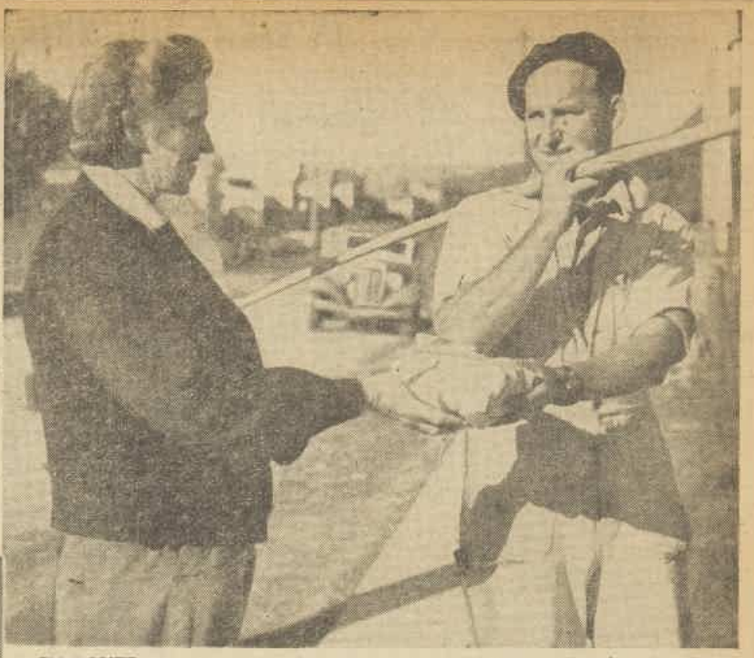
● For the past six years, Mrs. E. Morrell, of Murwillumbah, N.S.W., has been postman to farmers in the Murwillumbah-Numinbah districts.

Familiar figure in her jodhpurs, khaki shirt, and helmet, Mrs. Morrell on her daily run covers 20 miles by car, 17 miles on horseback, with a daily average of about 70 calls.

As well as delivering the mail, Mrs. Morrell obliges farmers by bringing them their supplies, doing their shopping, delivering private messages.

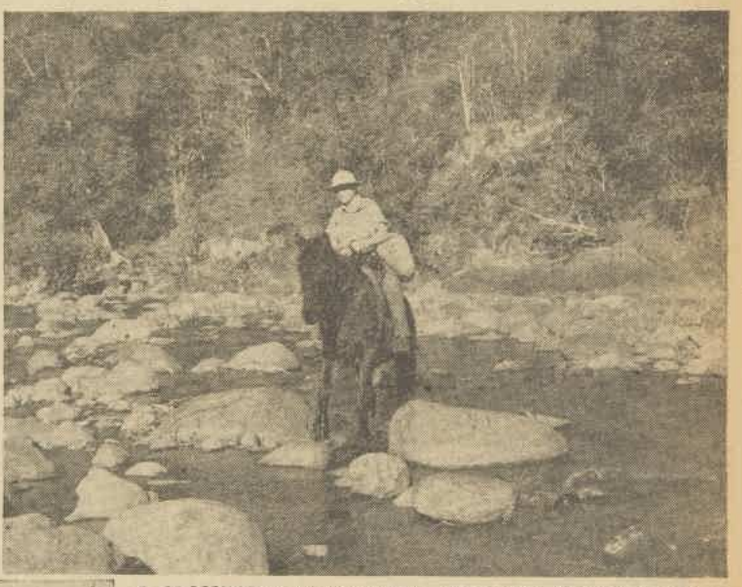
Married, with three children, Mrs. Morrell originally took over the mail run from her husband on his enlistment in 1941.

ADY for the road at 9 a.m., with ll sorted. Twenty miles' car-g, 7 miles' horse-riding lie . Her love of people, of the out-makes Mrs. Morrell enjoy her work.



5 **EN ROUTE,** Mrs. Morrell makes special stop to deliver cut lunch to her husband, who is a plumber. Mr. Morrell is very proud of his wife's mail record.

8 **ON HORSEBACK.** Mrs. Morrell sets out for Numinbah. When country is too rough or too steep, Mrs. Morrell dismounts and leads horse.



9 **CROSSING** Numinbah Creek. When Mrs. Morrell returns to Chillingham via Hopkins Creek she will have made 50 calls.

THE ROAD with Shipsteam Range in background. Morrell has often been caught in flood waters.

13 **BANANA** farm of Mr. C. J. Brinsmead, overlooking Numinbah Valley, is a call.

14 **BACK HOME** at 5 p.m., Mrs. Morrell checks school homework for the children, then usually does her sewing or ironing.

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No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 7

LADY DERING came to a halt a few paces away from her son and Vicky and said in her cheerful, matter-of-fact way: "You look like two cats trying to stare one another out of countenance. What's the matter?"

Hugh turned quickly. A tinge of color stole into his cheeks. He said with a touch of awkwardness: "Hullo, Mother! I didn't know you were coming into the village. I'd have given you a lift."

"I hate men who neglect their mothers," said Vicky, sotto voce.

"Walking," said Ruth Dering, "is good for my figure. How are you, Vicky?"

Vicky looked piteously at her. "I was feeling quite extraordinarily well, but, if you don't mind my saying so, I think your son is utterly loathsome."

"Oh, I don't mind what you say about him!" said Lady Dering cordially. "What's he been doing?"

"Exercising superhuman self-control," said Hugh. "Come on Vicky, don't be stuffy. Are you going to let me drive you to Fritton, or are you not?"

Vicky glanced towards his car, and shook her head. "Oh no. I wouldn't look right in an open tourer."

Hugh grinned. "All right! I apologise for having spoilt your act. If there were any mud about it, I'd eat it. Will that do?"

Vicky looked at Lady Dering. There was a naive question in her eyes. Lady Dering said: "Really, you know, you couldn't expect him to say more. You'd better go with him."

"Yes, but wouldn't you like him to drive you home instead?" asked Vicky.

"No," said Lady Dering, wondering at the sound of her own voice. "No, my dear. I like walking."

She was left standing outside the butcher's shop, with her knees trembling a little under her. A jumble of thoughts seethed in her brain.

What on earth have I done? she asked herself. What will William say? I quite thought it was going to be Mary Cliffe, but it's obvious he means to marry Vicky. Of course that mother is impossible, but Geoffrey Fanshawe was all right. At any rate, William thinks she's a beauty, and she isn't any relation of that dreadful Wally Carter!"

She was suddenly recalled to a sense of her surroundings by a strident motor horn that made her jump. She found that she was in the road, with Dr. Chester's car swerving across the street to avoid her.

"Oh dear!" she said guiltily. "I'm so sorry! Oh, it's you, Maurice!"

The doctor, pulling up with a jerk leaned out to inquire with a note of considerable surprise in his voice whether she had joined a suicide club.

"Dreadfully sorry!" said Lady Dering. "So stupid of me!"

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked. "I saw Hugh going towards Fritton, a minute or two ago, with Vicky Fanshawe."

"Yes, I know. No, I don't want a lift, thanks."

He hesitated, and then said: "Is there anything in that, do you think?"

The backward jerk of his head might have been taken to indicate almost anything in the street, but Lady Dering did not pretend to misunderstand him.

"My dear man, that's what bowled me over! Of course, I had begun to have a faint suspicion, but I wasn't sure till this morning. I used to think he was rather attracted by Mary, but there's no question of that now!"

"Do you mind?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't know. It isn't what I'd have chosen for him, though in some ways I quite see—well, never mind! But all this horrid scandal! I can't think what my husband will say!"

"I shouldn't worry about the scandal. Neither of the girls has anything to do with that."

"Well, I wish it could be cleared up. Do you know if the police are any nearer to reaching a solution?"

"No, I'm afraid I know nothing. Hugh seems to be the one the inspector from London has taken to his heart. Doesn't he know anything?"

"If he does, he hasn't told me. I shouldn't think the Scotland Yard man would take him into his confidence. I haven't met him: is he any good?"

"It's hard to say. He doesn't give away much. We shall have to wait for results."

That was what Inspector Hemingway was doing, somewhat to the surprise of the local superintendent.

Meanwhile Sergeant Wake, after a great deal of painstaking research, had succeeded in bringing to light one witness, a twelve-year-old boy, who had seen Vicky's white sports-car upon the road to Kershaw on Sunday afternoon.

The boy's notions of time were too vague to be trusted, nor had he observed the white car's driver; but he seemed to be quite sure that the car was travelling towards Kershaw, a circumstance which certainly tallied with Prince Varasashvili's story.

"I reckon that lets his Highness out," said Hemingway. "If he wants to go away, he can; but get his address, in case of accidents."

"He told Inspector Cook he hadn't one," said Wake dubiously.

"Then he'd better think one up!" said Hemingway.

The Prince, however, discovered disconsolately flicking over the pages of a book in the doctor's pleasant library, was so relieved to hear that his presence in Stilhurst was no longer necessary that he made no bones at all about divulging his address, but informed Sergeant Wake that he had a room in a private hotel in Bloomsbury. The Prince said he would be very glad to be in London again.

"I find it does not suit me, this English country life," he announced. "One stifles, in fact! There is no conversation; it is not amusing."

But when he informed his host of his imminent departure he did so gracefully, expressing deep regret.

The doctor said something conventionally civil; and, in answer to an anxious inquiry, advised the Prince not to visit Greystanes.

"But it is absurd!" the Prince said. "It is seen that I had nothing to do with Carter's death! Rather it is Mr. Steel whom the police suspect, is it not so?"

"I really can't say," replied Chester stiffly.

"I wash my hands of the affair!" said the Prince. "But I must tell you, since you have been to me so extremely kind, that if it is Mr. Steel whom the police suspect, I must be glad, for he is not, after all, one of ourselves, and I have had some fears that you, my friend, might suffer a little unpleasantness."

The doctor looked up quickly. "?"

"But, yes!" smiled the Prince. "An absurdity, you say, but I find that your English police are very stupid, what you call thick-headed. Ah, pardon! It is ridiculous, without sense! Yet when one considers how I have been suspected, for no reason, except that I was in Vicky's auto, one must be prepared for the police to suspect you, who were also not at home."

"I was out on a case," said Chester, his eyes stern under his frowning brows.

The Prince made a deprecatory gesture. "But of course! Do I not know it? It is merely that these policemen——"

"Nor," interrupted Chester, "do I know what conceivable motive I could have had for murdering one of my patients!"

"My friend!" The Prince flung up his hands. "I am sure you had none! I am sorry that I spoke of it, but indeed it seemed to me that you must have thought of it yourself. It is forgotten! Do not fear that I shall speak of it!"

"If you're wise, you won't," said Chester grimly. "I could hardly afford to let such a statement go unchallenged. We have a law of libel in this country."

"Absurd!" murmured the Prince. "You mistake me, I assure you! Without doubt, the police know you too well to concern themselves with your movements."

He was not quite right, for Inspector Cook, pondering still over the case, had remembered that Chester had not been in his house at the time of the murder, and had thought fit to mention this circumstance, though reluctantly, to Hemingway. His own chief, Superintendent Small, snubbed him.

"The doctor was called out on a case, as might happen to any doctor," he said. "What reason would he have to kill Carter, that's what I should like to know?"

"Only that he's very friendly with Mrs. Carter—to put it no higher," replied Cook. "Mind you, sir, I'm not saying there's anything in it, for I'm sure I haven't anything against Dr. Chester, and I know he's highly respected. But it just flashed across my mind."

"You'd better forget it," said Small. "Pack of rubbish!"

"Yes, sir," said Cook, woodenly.

"That's all right," interposed Hemingway. "I have taken the doctor into account. But so far I haven't had so much as a smell of a motive. That isn't to say I won't have, of course."

Please turn to page 32

ALFRED

"Alfred, if you dropped the penny in at ten o'clock this morning and the peanuts haven't come out yet, you might as well give up."

Should a man give up his seat?

BOB FOUND THAT COURTESY DID PAY...

Winter Weather is "B.O." Weather too!

Heavy clothes, heated atmosphere and closed windows make "B.O." as great a danger in winter as in summer. That's why you need Lifebuoy now, as much as ever! With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives *lasting* and *all-over* protection from "B.O."

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

W.197.18.

An analysis of a woman's love...

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One of the most provocative books of the decade . . . written with rare understanding and deep feeling. The characterisation is masterly, and there are unusual glimpses of the European and Australian scene. It's a romance you'll remember and talk about. Price . . 8/6

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Gibbs-Kids' Korner

IS SONYA YOUR HEROINE?

Sonya is a beautiful film star and very famous. Would you like to be like Sonya when you grow up?

Remember Sonya in "One Thousand Kisses"?

She dances beautifully.

She is the idol of fans everywhere.

But her first love is John Parks, the boy she met at school.

Look at her perfect smile

—Sonya, why are your teeth so white?

MOTHER:

Let this story teach your children teeth care. Gibbs is the most economical dentifrice you can buy. No waste . . . swell taste! And only 1/3 for a refill.

G.52.32

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 30

SUPERINTENDENT SMALL turned to stare at the Scotland Yard man. "Are you looking for a motive—as regards the doctor?" he asked in obvious amazement.

"High and low," responded the inspector promptly. To his sergeant, a moment or two later, when they were alone, he added: "And that's truer than old fat-face thinks."

"Do you mean you're expecting to find that Chester's the heir to the old mad woman's money?" demanded Wake, startled out of his customary stolidity.

"The secret of being a highly efficient officer," said Hemingway, fixing him with a quelling look, "is on the one hand never to expect anything, and on the other never to be surprised at anything either. You remember that. What's the time?"

"Going on for four o'clock," replied Wake, swallowing these strictures with a visible effort.

The inspector frowned, and lit a cigarette from the stub of his old one. "If Aunt Clara isn't something Carter saw in an opium dream, I ought to be hearing from the chief pretty soon."

The call from London came through five minutes later, and the sergeant, informed that Superintendent Hannaayde wanted to speak to Inspector Hemingway, handed over the receiver to his superior, and tried to look as though he were not listening.

He soon abandoned this detached attitude, for the half of the conversation which he could hardly have helped hearing was too maddeningly tantalising to be ignored.

"Did they find anything, sir?" Hemingway asked. "They did? . . . You don't say! . . . Oh, no, I'm not surprised: I thought they would . . . They got what? . . . Oh, trustee! Yes, I get it. Was he able to tell us who the present heir is? . . . Nice work, sir! Let me have it!"

The sergeant, stealing a glance at Hemingway, saw his face stiffen. He had been lying back at ease in his chair, but he sat bolt upright all at once.

"Say that again, Chief!" he requested. "What name did you say? . . . You don't mean it? Well, I'll be—— . . . Convey anything to me! Yes, it does! . . . What's that? . . . He doesn't know what? . . . The address! Oh, he doesn't, doesn't he? Well, that's where I'm one up on him, because I do! . . . Yes, right here, under my nose! . . .

"No, it's got me gaping like a fish . . . Not a breath! . . . Not so much as a whiff of suspicion! Right out of the picture! . . . Here, tell me this, sir! What's the sum total of this precious fortune? . . . What, pounds? I'd do a murder myself for that . . . Finished? No, nor anything like it, but I will be, don't you fret, sir!"

He laid the instrument down gently on its rest, and drew a long breath. Across the table, his eyes met the sergeant's avid gaze.

"I wouldn't have believed it!" he said, and shook his head. "A hundred thousand pounds! Is that a motive, or is it a motive? Do you know who's the heir to that little nest-egg, Wake?"

"No!" almost shouted the sergeant. "Who?"

"White," said Hemingway. "Mr. Harold White, my lad."

There was a moment's astonished silence. The sergeant broke it. "But he couldn't have killed Carter, sir!"

"If he didn't, I'll resign from the force," said Hemingway.

"But, Inspector, you saw the spot where he was standing when Carter was shot! It wasn't within sight of the bridge! It wasn't anywhere near where the gun was found!"

"He wasn't within forty yards of where the rifle was found," agreed Hemingway. "More likely fifty, from what I remember. This bird is a pleasure to deal with!"

"Look here, sir!" besought the sergeant. "Setting that aside, isn't it a fact he was hoping to get money out of Carter for his little land racket? Why, he'd even started negotiations to buy the land, let alone bringing Jones up to the house to talk business with Carter!"

The inspector stabbed a forefinger at him. "Bringing him up to the house to make a disinterested witness! All that shady stuff about the building estate was dust, my lad, dust to be thrown in our eyes!"

"But I don't see that you can say that, sir, honest I don't! I mean, the thing couldn't be done! Unless—do you suppose the son was in it, too?"

"That long-haired nincompoop?" said Hemingway. "Not he."

"Well, if you won't have him in it, how was it done, sir?"

"I don't know," replied Hemingway, "but if I didn't have a lot of yapping going on in my ear, I might be able to figure it out!"

The sergeant relapsed into silence. Hemingway presently brought his gaze to bear on that offended countenance. "That hair-trigger pull," he said.

"Yes, sir, I know. I've been thinking about that, too. I've heard of guns being fired by the opening of a door, but this was out in the open, in full view of a couple of people who hadn't a thing to do with it—for you won't tell me Jones and Miss White were mixed up in the murder!"

"That's an idea," said Hemingway. "The opening of a door. Not bad, Wake, not bad at all! But you're wrong; it won't do. There couldn't have been any sort of string tied to that gate on to the bridge, because for one thing it would have been seen, and for another the rifle was about twenty yards off."

"I didn't think there was anything tied to the gate," said the sergeant. "I admit it looks queer, White being the heir to the old lady's money, but I've met some odd coincidences before, and it's possible he doesn't even know he's the heir."

"If you've met any coincidences as odd as a chap getting himself bumped off when he's on his way to visit a relation of his, whose only hope of collecting a hundred thousand pounds is to see that the first chap hands in his cheque before the present owner of that hundred thousand, you ought to write a book," said Hemingway.

"Relation! He was so far removed that not even Carter knew what kind of a fortieth cousin he was!"

"That's all right," replied Hemingway. "Mr. Dering was explaining the law of intestacy to me this morning. It would take too long to tell you about it now, but it's perfectly clear. Now, you just consider White's position, and stop making a lot of narrow-minded objections. The old lady's over eighty, by what the chief just told me, so it's safe to say she isn't for this world much longer."

"She might go on another five years or more," said the sergeant. "They say mad people are often very healthy."

"All the better for White if she did. You don't suppose he wants her to die until Carter's murder has been forgotten, do you? Oh, no! He takes a long view, does Mr Harold White. By rights we ought not to have known anything about mad Aunt Clara. If it hadn't been for Carter's way of logging her into the conversation whenever he wanted money off his wife, I daresay we shouldn't." He frowned.

"Maybe that was just one thing White didn't happen to know about. Now you answer me this! If Aunt Clara had died before Carter did, who'd have come into her money? Not White, my lad! Oh, no! Miss Cliffe—because Carter had made a will, and had it witnessed, too. Unless Carter died before his aunt, White hadn't a hope of ever seeing a penny of that fortune."

The sergeant was slightly shaken. "I grant you it looks black," he admitted. "But how could he have done it, sir?"

"That," said the inspector, "is what we are going to find out. The man I want is Cook," he said. "I want to know every movement White made from the moment Carter was seen approaching the bridge. Cook took all those first depositions."

"Yes, sir, but, as I remember, Jones and Miss White corroborated everything White said."

"Of course they did! Don't you run off with the idea that I'm thinking White's movements weren't as advertised! The point is, that as soon as it was established that he was out of sight of the bridge and within a few steps of Jones and Miss White, no one paid a lot of heed to his subsequent movements."

"Subsequent movements?" repeated Wake slowly.

"You don't suppose the gun fired itself, do you? If White's at the bottom of this there must have been some kind of mechanism used, which, mark you, White disposed of before Cook reached the house."

"Maybe you're right, sir. But the more I think about it the more it seems to me that if White was responsible, then the mechanism used was nothing more or less than his son's hands. No, you just consider! Wasn't it young White who spilled that story about his father's plans to buy up part of Frith Field? Very unnatural thing for a man's own son to do. I thought so at the time."

The inspector accorded this suggestion to his consideration.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I'm bound to admit there may be something in that. All a put-up job between father and son. Though there's a catch in that because young White doesn't get on with his father." He frowned, then said briskly: "Anyway, we'll see what Cook has to say."

To be concluded

6-YEAR-OLD WORK TROUSERS GOOD FOR YEARS YET THANKS TO

REGULAR WASHING WITH VELVET SOAP

CHARMING FARMER'S WIFE, MRS. C. WURST, of Pine Grove, Lyrup, S.A., tells how useful she finds Velvet Soap "down on the farm."

Says Aunt Jenny

"MY HUSBAND AND SON are both farmers," *writes Mrs. Wurst,* "and greasy hands are wiped on work trousers and dungarees. All I do is rub Velvet Soap well into the stains, allow to soak, then wash in very hot water; then the stains have disappeared. The trousers in the picture are 6 years old—still good for years yet, thanks to Velvet."

THE FINE BABY in the picture is Mrs. Wurst's son, now a sturdy farmer. *Says Mrs. Wurst:* "Look at this shawl—still in perfect condition after 26 years. I always washed it in Velvet Soap and lukewarm water. I never rubbed, just squeezed it through the suds. Yes, indeed, I can't speak highly enough of Velvet."

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BUTCH

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PR 71

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Mary Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Teen-agers just beginning to go out often find themselves confronted with small problems of behaviour on which their parents or elders have omitted to advise them.

To be uncertain of social procedure can be humiliating and the result is disastrous to the poise of the person concerned.

A LONGING for social adroitness and dignity is expressed by two teen-agers whose letters are answered below.

"MY friends and I feel embarrassed when a boy pays our fares in a bus or tram. We don't know, either, if we are expected to pay back the boys who buy tickets for dances and picture-shows for us. Older people never seem to get into these social jams, but it is awfully embarrassing not to be sure of what should be done, and it is difficult to appear poised when we cannot be certain that we are not being gauche and undignified."

You may allow any young man of your acquaintance the privilege of paying your fare in a bus or tram. Certainly, your escort should always do so. It is a very small courtesy, and should be accepted gracefully.

If you are invited to a dance, or to see a film, it is correct for your escort to pay for you.

Women are expected to be a little more tactful and understanding than men, and you must realise that your male contemporaries have not had very much social experience either. As a young woman it is your place to accept these little attentions naturally, thus adding to your companion's ease as well as your own.

"SOMEHOW a nod and a smile do not seem satisfactory when a boy takes you back to the party after a dance. Yet I can never think of anything easy and graceful to say like older people do. Everything I attempt sounds corny, so generally I just don't say anything. I wish there was some definite line of conversation for teen-agers like me. Also is it possible to refuse a supper invitation without appearing rude?"

Ability to keep conversation running smoothly comes with experience. That is why women older than you are able to maintain a flow of small talk that bridges any social awkwardness. It is not possible to lay down definite lines of conversation for spontaneous dance-floor chat.

But it would be natural for you to comment on the numbers you have danced to, the way they were handled by the orchestra, your favorites in the hit parade of the moment, and anything else you think of about orchestras, dancing, and the dances you have been to. The only corny remark is the old one about the floor.

It is understood you have supper with whomever takes you to the dance. But if you have no particular escort don't accept a supper invitation from someone you don't like. Rudeness lies only in the manner of refusing, not in the refusal itself.

"A FRIEND has asked me to be godmother to her baby son. I know nothing of the duties expected of me or what gift I should give the baby. The christening will take place in a Methodist church."

Godparents take no part in the Methodist christening ceremony, and need not be appointed unless the parents wish it. They may stand with the parents during the christening. Your duties as godmother are to act as friend and counsellor to the child. It is usual to give the baby a silver gift—a mug or spoon, fork, and pusher set.

* * *

"I WANT to take up some occupation that will give me pocket money, as I cannot go out to work. Unfortunately, I am not good at needlework or handicrafts."

Have you thought of making sweets, or cakes, minding children, typing, or perhaps breeding dogs, cats, or birds, or keeping angora rabbits?

But I suggest that before embarking on anything that needs an outlay of capital you should find out for yourself what demand there is for goods or services.

* * *

"PLEASE settle a debate between my girl-friend and myself by telling us if when we have finished the meat course the knife and fork should be laid at the left or right side of the plate."

The knife and fork may be placed neatly together side by side on any portion of the plate. But it is not correct to lay the fork with the arch against the plate nor the knife with the cutting edge facing outwards.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"FOR three years I have been going out with a boy who suggested our marriage in a few years. Now he has decided he does not want to become deeply involved with any one girl. I'm completely bewildered, and to make matters worse we know the same people and often meet."

The situation is a delicate one for you. When you meet, treat this young man in a completely friendly though casual manner—if you don't, it will only be embarrassing for everybody. Wearing your heart on your sleeve would only make you an object of pity.

* * *

"ALTHOUGH a married woman, I must confess I am sometimes at a loss to know if young men in their late teens should be called 'Mr.' Is there any particular age at which a boy ceases to be called 'Master' and becomes 'Mr.'?"

As a married woman it is natural for you to address a boy in his late teens by his christian name. If you are introducing him, simply present him as Jim Smith, or whatever his name might be. The use of "Mr." is unnecessarily formal. The only time you might employ the word "Master" would be in the written form, for boys under 17. The title is never used in conversaversation.

"A MARRIED man was able to do me a kindness recently. We became friends, with the result that he met my family. Since then he has twice arrived uninvited for long week-ends, and has made a perfect pest of himself by wanting to be alone with me. I like him, in a platonic way, and my family likes him, too. I have left my husband and gone home to live. I do not wish to cause my people more worry. What should I do about it?"

The only alternative to ending the friendship is to ask to be introduced to this man's wife and to insist that any further meetings be purely family affairs. As well, tell him quite frankly that your people do not appreciate uninvited week-end guests.

* * *

"WE are thinking of naming our baby daughter Rion, as a shortening of the family name Marion. As an alternative we are considering spelling it Rionne. Is there such a word in any foreign language, and what is its meaning?"

From inquires I have made, it seems that there is no such word as either rion or rionne in French, Italian, or German. Neither is listed as an English Christian name. As a shortening of Marion, it seems to me that Rionne is more feminine.

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Maxine and the Pretty Bauble

SHE would not, Mary vowed, be foiled by an elephant. She would stay right there until Maxine revealed the whereabouts of the cap.

Mary stayed. So did Maxine. It was a pretty sight to see her devotion to Pinckney Culpepper, but after a time Mary grew tired of it. She walked about a little and watched Mrs. Tilton back the car out to go to the village.

With Mrs. Tilton there, she would never have had the nerve, but with Mrs. Tilton gone —— Royal Air Force! That would show Sue Jones!

Mary dashed into the main cabin, where the telephone was, and took down the receiver before she could change her mind. She took the telephone book and hunted for some minutes before she found the number and dialled.

"I want the British——" she began.

"British Flight Headquarters?"

The voice was cross, which did not help; but she would try just once more. The thought of Sue Jones spurred her on.

"Hallo, Burton speaking."

"Er," she said, "I'm calling about a cap. Flight-Lieutenant Parkins—"

"I'm afraid I can't hear. Speak up, can't you?" The voice was unmistakably British and definitely abrupt.

"Cap," said Mary. "C-a-p, cap."

"Quite," said the Burton. "Now what?"

"He's lost it," said Mary. "The radio said——"

"Who?"

"The radio. I mean Flight-Lieutenant Parkins!"

"Parkins?"

"Parkins." Mary giggled, partly from nervousness and partly because they both sounded so silly.

"I say, what's this all about?"

"A c-cap," said Mary weakly. And then, unable to resist utter confusion, she took a deep breath and added, "I think the elephant's got it."

"Quite," said the voice. "Your elephant, I presume? If you'll leave your name, I'll have Mr. Parkins ring you."

Of course he didn't believe her. He was putting her in her place. She managed to spell Whipple and give the telephone number, but she went back to the cabin feeling very much ashamed. She should never have called in the first place.

It was a fresh thing to do. Now, no one need ever know, because Mr. Burton wouldn't tell Flight-Lieutenant Parkins. He hadn't sounded as though he had ever heard of him or a lost cap, and even if he had he would think her call was just a gag—she guessed it would be a rag to Mr. Burton. They'd have a good laugh and that would be the end of it.

Mary went into the cabin and buried a very red face in the pillow. But at two o'clock she was called to the telephone.

"Hello?" said Mary.

"Hello," said a voice.

Whoever it was, Mary was sure, had a wrong number, because this voice didn't sound at all like Mr. Burton's. It might have been anyone. But: "Hello," the voice repeated, "this is Flight-Lieutenant Parkins speaking. I called about the cap."

"Oh, yes," said Mary weakly, "the cap."

Continued from page 9

Here it was, at last! What was she going to do with it?

"A Royal Air Force cap? It must be mine."

But there was something in the voice that was different.

"I say, are you there?"

That was very British! "Yes," said Mary.

"It's hardly likely there'd be another, but you can tell if it's mine."

"Er, no," said Mary.

"But what are the initials in it?"

Could he be Australian?

"Why, you see"—Mary hesitated—"I've seen the cap, but I don't exactly have it. What does yours look like?"

"Why, er, blue, a blue S.D. (service dress) cap with the RAF (he pronounced it as though it were one word) insignia on it."

"Not one of those little folding things?"

"Heavens, no; that's what I'm wearing now, and I look a bit grim in it."

"Yes," she said, "that must be it."

"Fine. Oh, very fine. Now how do I get it?"

That, Mary thought, was just the problem.

"Could you send it over?"

"Well, er, not exactly."

"But, of course, I'll be glad to come and get it." The voice became very smooth, definitely too smooth, Mary thought.

"You misunderstand entirely," she said stiffly. "I've seen your cap, but I don't have it. Maxine has it."

"Maxine? Maxine who?"

"Maxine the elephant."

There was a protracted pause at the other end of the line.

"Honestly," said Mary. "Maxine has it. A lot of people know Maxine. She lives out here and sort of takes care of the children."

It was so hard, Mary realised, to make people believe in Maxine if they hadn't seen her.

But Flight-Lieutenant Parkins seemed willing to take Maxine for granted—almost, one might have thought, eager. It happened, he said, that he had the afternoon off, and could come out at once.

Mary told him to take a No. 5 bus and get off at Navy Nook, and then raced for the cabin. She had done it! She had found her Britisher and he was coming to see her. He sounded nice. And young. Though, of course, an officer wouldn't be too young.

Suddenly she stopped, aghast. He wasn't her Britisher at all. She had practically lured him out there under false pretences. She didn't have his cap—she would have to find Maxine and make a last desperate effort.

Walking up and down the path by Mrs. Tilton's rose garden, Mary tried to be casual, but she was anxiously scanning the horizon for some trace of Maxine and at the same time keeping a no-less-anxious eye out for the bus.

When she finally saw it coming she turned quickly in the opposite direction, very casually indeed.

"Er, hello?"

Mary turned with a well-simulated start of *surprise* and breathed a sigh of relief. In his air-force-blues, with forage cap well over one ear in the traditional manner, Flight-Lieutenant Robert W. Parkins was a satisfactory sight. She smiled. Flight-Lieutenant Parkins also seemed pleased with what he saw. He smiled, too. "Hot, isn't it?" he said.

"I didn't know where you wanted it, so I just told 'em to dump it anywhere."

"Very," said Mary. And then, as an afterthought, "You are Flight-Lieutenant Parkins?"

"You're Miss Whipple?"

They shook hands very formally.

"About the cap," Mary began.

"Oh, yes," said Parkins, as though he had been thinking of something else, as indeed he had.

"Where"—Mary did not want to bring Maxine into the conversation just yet—"did you lose it?"

Parkins shrugged his shoulders. "Out of the Widgeon. It fell out. I was stooging around a bit and it fell out."

Please turn to page 37

What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Flats can never be real homes

LAST week a little boy of four was killed in our street. He was run over by a car. He lived in a block of flats with his parents, who idolised him.

It is a street of flats . . . spurious counterfeit homes.

For a week after the tragedy mothers kept their children indoors.

But after that the strain told and once more the children were playing on the niggardly plots of green that serve as gardens.

Among them is my own precious daughter.

We mothers spend most of our time at the windows, calling, cajoling, threatening the children below.

Our children don't know what it is to build a cubby house—to have a sandpit—to own a dog.

We all want to be home-owners and citizens in the fullest sense. When we give our addresses we want to be able to quote a house number . . . not Flat 1, or 3, or 18.

And we want our children to grow up in safety in their own gardens.

Every child who loses his life in a street accident adds urgency to our plea for homes.

Australia needs her children; needs a higher birthrate.

But we flat-dwellers, and others less fortunate, must have homes if that is to be accomplished.

£1 to Pat James, Sydney, N.S.W.

Long, or short?

LONG ago I was taught by strict horse-masters how to handle a horse. The slogan in those days was: "A long hold riding, and a sharp hold driving."

Every day in the city I see people

handling horses, with no control over them. They keep the reins long, and have to lean backwards when they want to pull the horse up quickly.

The proper procedure is to keep the reins short, and thus be prepared for emergency.

5/- to Jack Duane, 122 Crown St., East Sydney, N.S.W.

Mess parade

MANY a housewife, after cooking the evening meal, would welcome a respite from washing up.

It would be a help if each person, on finishing the meal, carried his or her dirty dishes to the kitchen and washed them up Army style.

This little effort would only require a couple of minutes, especially if a plate-draining rack were used.

5/- to Mrs. M. Bade, Smith St., Macedon, Vic.

Boys could help

I LIVE near a woodwork centre, where boys learn carpentry and joinery. Their work is good, but some of the things they make are of little use.

As crutches are in short supply, perhaps the boys could be taught how to make them. With each centre doing a proportion of this work the boys would be able to make useful presentations of crutches to hospitals.

5/- to Mr. K. Turner, 2 The Parkway, Seabrook, S.A.

Hire prams?

I READ recently a suggestion that farmers hire out harvesting machines to one another.

Perhaps mothers who have no further use for prams could adopt this hire system.

5/- to Mrs. B. Harrison, Flat 1, 104 Liverpool Rd., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Privacy in banks

I AGREE with Miss R. Greenhill's letter of 31/5/'47.

To conduct business in public is not good for depositor or collector—in banks, or anywhere.

Even pawnshops have wooden partitions which prevent others from witnessing transactions.

Perhaps it would be a good thing if banks adopted partitions, too.

5/- to Mrs. A. I. Lymath, 140 Sydney Rd., Granville, N.S.W.

Free hands

WHY can't our builders give us a gadget which will open doors by foot pressure, and leave the hands free? This would do away with the handle-turning and pushing, and would be valuable on doors

between kitchens and dining-rooms.

Housewives moving with hands full of dishes to and from the dinner-table would have their work made easy, and would not have to balance dishes with one hand and open the door with the other.

A light ray, broken when stepped across, could open doors, but this would be impractical in houses. Perhaps a foot-pressure stud like those on drinking fountains could be adapted with success.

5/- to Miss E. Partridge, c/o G. E. Moore, 264 Pitt St., Sydney.

Beauty behind hedges

MANY people do not plan their gardens with any regard for harmony with the neighboring one or with others in the street.

They put up high fences and plant ugly hedges.

If they planted beautiful trees instead they would contribute to the beauty of the street and the suburb and would find that they had almost as much privacy.

5/- to David Ingamells, 20 Laing St., Mont Albert, Vic.

You'll say it's Ace-high

when you find out what tests have proved

Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in *just one week* Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . *in just one week they look far brighter!*

For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

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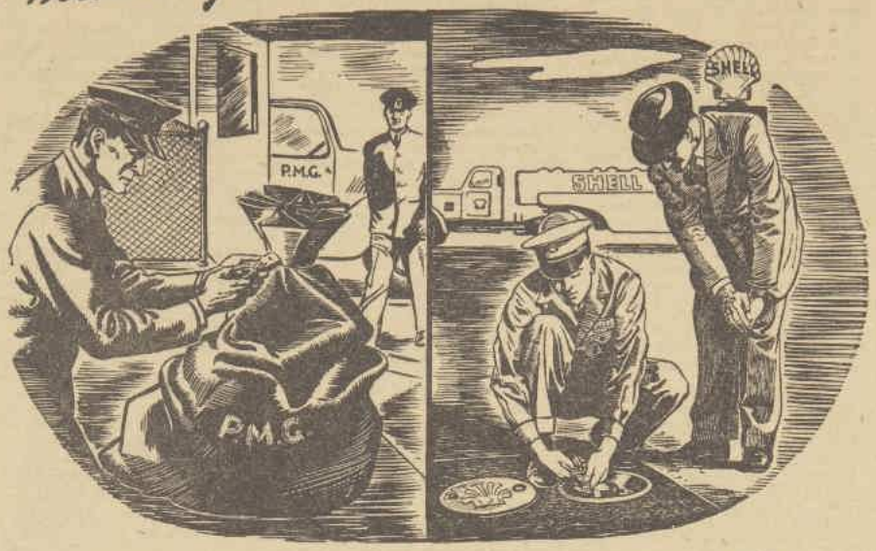

"Sealed-to be Sure!"

Dear Motorist,

The little lead seal with the Shell trademark, that seals the underground tank of every Shell pump, is a Shell service highly approved by public and trade alike, for everyone prefers to buy and sell guaranteed products.

Shell is the only company that has ever sealed its pumps, or seals them now. Unavoidably suspended through the war, this extra service has been resumed. Shell again completely controls its petrol from the ocean tanker to the tank of your car.

Most motorists want Shell, and the Shell pump is again their faithful servant.

Yours Sincerely,

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Maxine and the Pretty Bauble

Continued from page 35

FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT PARKINS looked serious enough, but Mary regarded him coolly. She knew that a widgeon was a bird, but what stooging was she had no idea. Going around with pals, she thought.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. It could have been anywhere. Anyone could have found it, quite likely even an elephant. But," he added hastily, noticing Mary's coolness, "it's much nicer that it was you."

"Come on." Mary relented a little and smiled. "Really, Maxine found it, and we have to find her. It may be hard to make her give it up. She likes it."

"Does she," Parkins asked, "wear it?"

Mary glowered at him. He was teasing her, she knew, because he didn't believe in Maxine. Very well.

They walked to the edge of the grove where Maxine sometimes dawdled in the shade, but not today. It was most annoying. Mary realised that she wanted very much to find this Britisher's cap, that it was not just to spite Sue Jones that she wanted him to believe her story about Maxine.

She shifted her eyes slowly away from the trees with their millions of branches to Mr. Tilton's neat wood pile with its millions of crevices. There was really no way of telling where Maxine might have hidden her treasure.

Mary went into the garage, which was empty, and peered behind a crate.

"Are you looking for the cap," Flight-Lieutenant Parkins inquired, "or the elephant? Because if it's the elephant, isn't that box rather small?"

Mary turned indignantly toward him, but he went on.

"Look," he said, "we'd have time for a movie or something before I have to get back if you could happen to find that cap hanging on a hook or in a closet somewhere. Or if you haven't got the cap, I don't really care at all. Meeting you was definitely well worth the trip."

He also thought, though he did not add, that his C.O. would probably take a very dim view of his not showing up with the cap. Unless the C.O. got particularly grim he didn't care, because Flight-Lieutenant Parkins had decided that this girl was distinctly whizzo.

Mary, however, cared a great deal. "You think I'm fooling, don't you? You don't think Maxine has your cap. You don't," because Parkins' pleasant face was now plainly sceptical, "believe there is any Maxine. You think I was just stringing you."

"Shooting a line, perhaps," the young man agreed. "Did anyone ever tell you that you're pretty when you're mad?"

"Flight-Lieutenant Parkins," said Mary, "for a Britisher you're forward as well as rude."

"I'm a Canadian, and just call me Bob."

"Canadian, eh?" Mr. Tilton, attracted by the sound of voices in what was generally his private domain, sauntered up to them.

"Mr. Tilton," Mary turned to him. "Tell him it's true. Tell him that Maxine found a cap."

"Cap?" asked Mr. Tilton, noticing Mary's discomfiture, and feeling his way carefully in something that he did not as yet understand. "I'm not sure I seen any cap."

Perhaps he hadn't. Mary couldn't waste time on that argument because there was the beginning of a triumphant grin on Bob's—Flight-Lieutenant Parkins'—face.

"Tell him," Mary urged. "Tell him about Maxine." She almost stamped her foot in eagerness. "Tell him you've got an elephant named Maxine!"

"Elephant?" Mr. Tilton's crow's feet got deeper. "Come, now, just because he's a foreigner there's no sense to play jokes on him." He slapped his leg. "Elephant! That's a good one. If I had an elephant I'd let her do the weeding, but as long as I ain't——" He walked away, chuckling.

"Now," said Bob Parkins, "will you go to the movies?"

"No!" said Mary.

"Look, you're definitely wizard. I don't care if it was a trick. You found out how to call me from the radio broadcast. That was smart. I like that. I like you." He moved closer to her. "I like you fine. How about it?"

Mary was furiously angry. Angry at Maxine for her absence, at Mr. Tilton for letting her down, at this—this foreigner—for thinking that she was the kind of girl who would think up the trick that he had thought she had. But mostly she was angry with herself for having liked this broad, brown-eyed suspicious worm of a Robert Parkins. She was too angry to speak. She turned on her heel and walked away.

"What's the flap?" His voice from just behind her. "Just because you gave me the duff gen, doesn't mean that the way I feel isn't the real gen——"

Mary turned on him. "Haven't you insulted me enough without the added insult of talking so I can't understand you? Go away. I don't ever want to see you again. I don't care if you have to walk."

She fled into the cabin, and that portion of His Majesty's forces represented by Flight-Lieutenant Parkins recognised defeat. He could walk, as Mary had pointed out, or he could wait on the field of his disaster for a bus. He chose to walk.

He swung down the road with a show of bravado that he was far from feeling. She was a mighty pretty girl, and he was annoyed with himself that he had not been able to cope with her. The elephant-cap story had definitely been a rag, but she must have known he'd catch on, so why had she been so angry with him?

Pondering this and the strange ways of women in general, Robert Parkins slowed down his pace and half-shut his eyes against the glare of the sun. And then he saw Maxine.

She was ambling homeward, nonchalantly twirling an S.D. cap on the end of her trunk. Robert Parkins saw her, but it was some seconds before he perceived what he saw, and some moments before he would believe it. He stood stock-still, and Maxine, being a woman and one to admire a fine figure of a man, especially in a uniform, paused also.

Flight-Lieutenant Parkins took up the facts slowly with himself.

It was an elephant. The cap that it was holding was an S.D. cap.

"Would your name?" he hazarded cautiously, "be Maxine?"

Maxine waved the cap and flapped her ears politely.

He made a lunge for it, but Maxine had had that tried before. She waved the cap high over her head and swooshed at this presumptuous person through her nose.

"But it's my cap," said Flight-Lieutenant Parkins.

Maxine sidled past him; so that to keep up the conversation Robert Parkins was forced to fall into step beside her.

"Really it is, old girl." There was a pleading note in his voice, and he blushed for it. It was utterly ridiculous to have to ask an elephant for one's cap, but what did one do when she refused to give it up? She was, furthermore, leading him back to Navy Nook, to Mary, and to apologies that Mary would no doubt enjoy.

Flight-Lieutenant Parkins, having a very dim view of the situation, decided on a last desperate measure. As they came to the gate he put himself in front of Maxine, confronted her firmly and said: "Give. Give it to me."

"What do you think she is, a dog?" Mary came coolly out from the rose arbor. She had changed her dress, and she wore the pin of brilliants on her shoulder. Maxine eyed her appreciatively. So did Robert Parkins, but he also had other feelings.

"When I saw her," he admitted grudgingly, "I had the feeling I had better dash home for a quick cup of tea."

"Nice Maxine," said Mary.

"Maybe she'll give it to you. I really am sorry. About not believing you."

Maxine batted her eyes and held the cap nicely in front of her, well out of reach.

"Frustrating, isn't it?" said Flight-Lieutenant Parkins.

"Perhaps," said Mary, "she'd like a cookie." She started for the cabin. Maxine seemed of two minds about something. Finally she put the cap in her mouth and reached over Mary's shoulder, fingering the pin.

"No," said Mary firmly, "you know you can't have that."

Maxine reluctantly retrieved the cap, but a cunning gleam appeared in her eye.

"She loves this pin," said Mary, "but I do, too."

Mary went into the cabin and presently returned with a box of crackers. "I can't find any cookies, but I'll try this."

Maxine put the cap safely in her mouth, sniffed the cracker, and with her best ho-hum air, turned her head and plucked a blade of grass, discarded it, and stood, her trunk expectantly curled at half-mast.

"Candy?" suggested Flight-Lieutenant Parkins.

"She doesn't like chocolate. Wait a minute."

Again she went into the cabin and returned with a box. A box such as women keep odd hair bows and bits of jewellery in.

"Here," said Mary, holding up a bright red bow which Maxine obviously ignored.

"I say, how would it be if I sort of grabbed for it while she has it in her mouth?"

"Oh, she doesn't like that!"

Robert Parkins had already reached for the cap and Maxine had rewarded him with a lefty push which said very plainly, "You keep out of this." She stood expectantly, swaying slightly, trunk raised.

Mary picked out a clip of sparkling blue stones.

Maxine shook her head.

An earring that was a green fish.

Maxine slowly winked one eye.

"This," said Robert Parkins, "is absurd. I feel as though I were being auctioned off."

Maxine cut her eyes at him and stretched out her trunk and gently fingered the pin on the shoulder of Mary's dress.

"No!" said Mary.

She looked at Robert Parkins, who was looking steadily at her. Their eyes caught and held. Slowly Mary's hands went up and unfastened the pin.

Maxine was perfectly fair about it. She handed over the cap before she took the pin, but, being a woman, she gave the cap to Mary.

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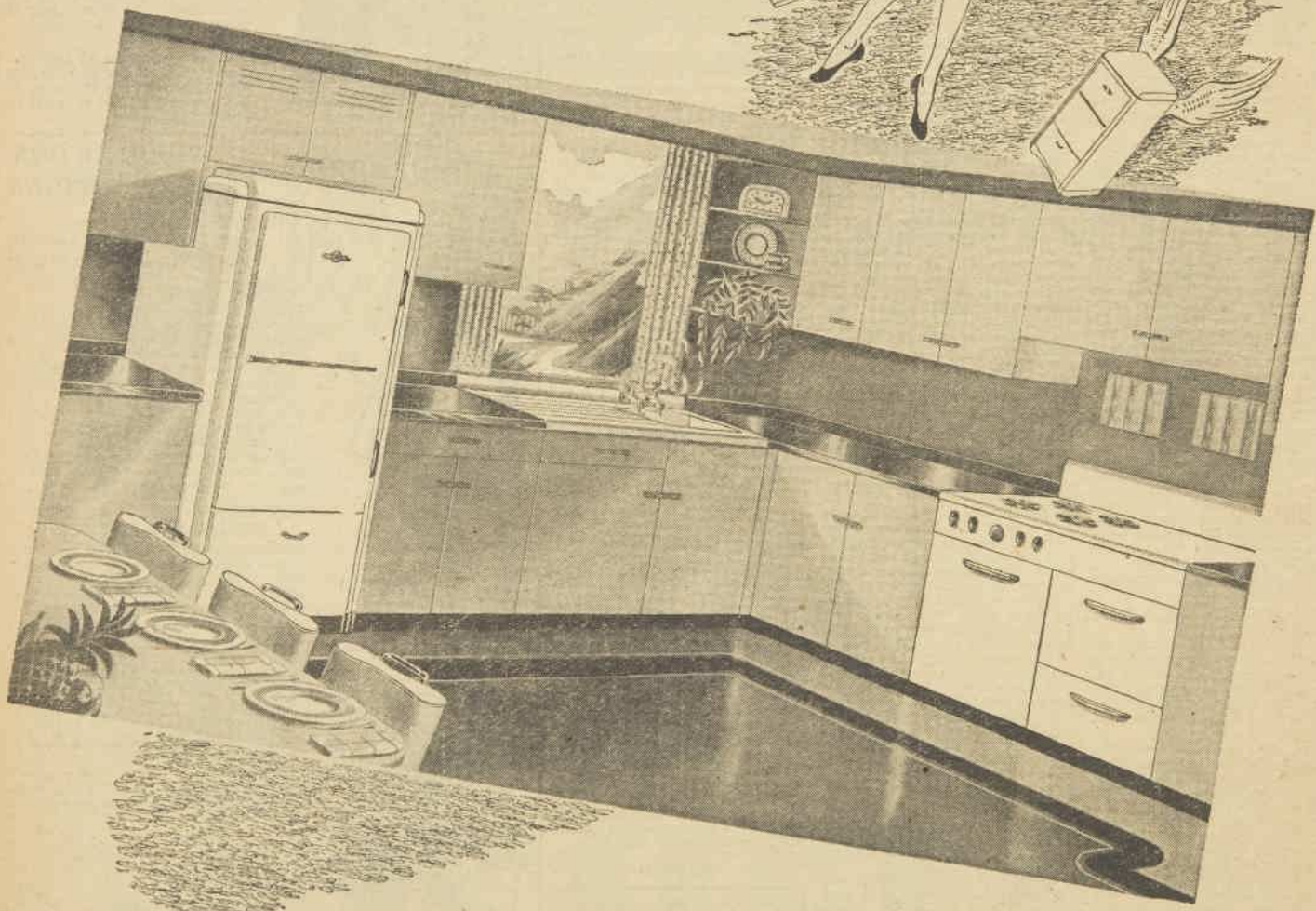

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Aboard the lugger in naughty 'nineties

★ Arrival of the P & O luxury liner Stratheden in Australia next month and news of the building of a new P & O pride, Himalaya No. 3, suggest interesting comparisons with earlier ships of this 110-year-old line.

Himalaya No. 1, for instance, a 3508-tonner, was the proudest and largest vessel of her day, 1853. Himalaya No. 2 (6900 tons) sailed in 1892. How her 325 passengers disported themselves aboard her is revealed in these pencillings unearthed from old files.

"DINNER TIME in a Western Ocean swell" was obviously a shattering experience, although Albert on our right is keeping his spirits high and dry.

"YOUR TEA, MAMA." Dear Mama couldn't care less. She is much more interested in the sinister gentleman prowling so furtively overhead.

"THE SMOKING ROOM." Strictly reserved for gents. Ladies, bless 'em, couldn't abide tobacco.

"DECK SCENE—early 1900's." Passengers are singularly well dressed, although 'Erbert on the rails seems to be relaxing tone just a little.

"DRESSING FOR DINNER." Beulah, on her knees, is apprehensive about Henrietta's waist making the new frock.

"GAY DOINGS ON DECK," showing passengers taking cover from the sun under tarpaulins and indulging in what is described as "agreeably diversified shipboard entertainment."

Footnote to fashion: Everybody's reading the new mystery monthly.—*Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*—1/-

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HILARIOUS BRITISH FARCE

DIRECTOR, brilliant young Russian-born Peter Ustinov, 34, is also responsible for the screen-play of the farce, "Vice Versa." He enjoys making the film so much he has taken a small part himself.

Actors still in Victorian roles after they've left the set

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Like an oasis in a desert of heavy drama, slapstick reigns at Denham in an atmosphere as fantastic as a dream.

On Two Cities' lot they are filming the Victorian comedy "Vice Versa," the only farce being made in England at present.

ON this set funnier things keep happening behind the camera than in front of it. Victorianism gone mad is the general impression.

Everything appears in this film that I have ever seen on the screen—schoolboys, clergymen, undertakers, Guards officers, dead-end kids, several Pekingese, an elephant, a monkey which has bitten everybody, Nubian slaves, Indian temple dancers, and a whole menagerie of stuffed animals.

Also included are a fakir's nail-bed, penny-farthing bicycles, school-teachers, spiders, hunting hawks, stockbrokers, lawyers, hearses, horses, and blunderbusses — everything except the kitchen sink—even the "North Pole."

The man directing all this is Peter Ustinov, who wrote the screen-play.

Roger Livesey and the boy discovery, Anthony Newley, are its stars.

After watching an 1890-model car, painted in yellow and blue, with a red-and-white striped awning, leave the factory and immediately fall to pieces, I decided a lunchtime break in the studio cafeteria would provide a return to sanity.

But of those round the table, director Peter Ustinov spoke in Russian to his mother, Nadia Benois, who is supervising the dressing of the film, then turned to another actor dressed as a Victorian schoolmaster and addressed him in German.

Opposite me was Roger Livesey still wearing a schoolboy's striped cap on his head, his girth increased by a bolster.

A roar broke out in the restaurant as David Hutcheson sauntered in dressed in an outsize maroon-and-tan-check jacket, trousers as thin as pipe-stems, a waistcoat of bright canary-yellow, and a bilious tie fixed with the largest cameo brooch the prop department could rustle up.

He plays the fascinating roystering black sheep of the family.

To sort out this crazy set-up, it is necessary to explain the topsy-turvy story of "Vice Versa" itself.

Roger Livesey is a pompous Victorian father who tells his son, Anthony Newley, that he wishes he himself were a schoolboy again.

He happens to be holding in his hand the eye of an idol filched by his wicked brother-in-law from an Indian temple, and it immediately exerts its mysterious power of granting wishes.

His son then wishes he could be a man like his father, and is promptly turned into the head of the prim Victorian household, while Roger Livesey is hustled off to school.

There, a grown-up in a boy's body, he scandalises the schoolmaster with his antics and horrifies his schoolfellows with his adult priggishness, while his son at home has a wonderful time as a grown-up.

He gives lavish children's parties, flirts with the parlormaid, turns out his father's shady lady friend, and risks the family fortunes by investing them in a motor-car factory making very shaky vehicles—one of which I had seen come to bits that very morning.

Filming these farcical situations has created such a spirit in the unit that the cast are carrying the comedy off the set and into their private lives.

Even in the lunch-hour director Peter Ustinov draws caricatures of the cast and sends funny notes.

They treat the Pekingese Su-Su as a star, and there is an honored place reserved for her in the studio cinema, where she is taken with executives to see the day's "rushes."

Peter Ustinov is enjoying it so much he has taken a small role in the film himself.

"I appear briefly as a white-whiskered old dodderer of 95," he said.

"I raise the hopes of three undertakers who watch my faltering footsteps from their funeral parlor.

"To their glee I have a heart attack, but to their chagrin I recover and walk on."

BEWHISKERED Edwardian father, Roger Livesey, enjoys frolic with son Anthony Newley between scenes of the Two Cities farce, "Vice Versa." They later change places, Livesey being sent to school in schoolboy's striped cap.

Ron Randell will play doctor in next film

By cable from Viola MacDonald in Hollywood

AUSTRALIAN Ron Randell is delighted with his new role of young doctor in the Alexander Knox film, "Sign of the Ram," starring Susan Peters.

Randell will begin work on the film when he has finished his current role opposite Ginger Rogers in Columbia's "It Had To Be You."

Ron is now in the throes of moving, and has just obtained the swank apartment of Alice Mendl Miller, on her way to Australia for her honeymoon with Dr. John Miller. Alice thinks it most appropriate that Ron should have her apartment while she visits his native land.

* * *

WESTERN actor Roy Rogers, who is setting off on a rodeo tour throughout the country, presented his tiny daughters Cheryl and Linda with a recording set before he left. Roy has a similar one, and each day they send one another a record of their voices recounting the day's news. Roy prefers this method to writing letters.

AUSTRALIAN Ann Richards and Sylvia Sidney are so enchanted with the screen wardrobes they wear in the Eagle Lion production, "Love From a Stranger," that they are buying up the gay 'nineties costumes, and adapting them to present day full-skirted fashions.

Sylvia is remodelling her evening dresses by simply removing the bustles from the back.

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE fans will be glad to hear that she and handsome husband John Agar have at last been signed to make a film together for Argosy Productions. David Selznick, who holds both their contracts, has agreed to lend them to star in a film entitled "War Party."

John plays the part of a West Point cadet, and Shirley is the colonel's daughter.

REAL LIFE PARTNERS Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart takes time off for a little talk during the filming of Warner Bros'. "Dark Passage." This is the first film in which they have co-starred since "The Big Sleep."

SINGING STAR. Jeanette MacDonald rehearses a number with her musical partner, Jose Iturbi, on the set of MGM's technicolor film, "The Birds and the Bees." Jeanette sings one of her favorite numbers, "Sweethearts."

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ ODD MAN OUT

THE slow realisation dawns that here is something far greater than a thriller as the audience watches this Two Cities film, starring James Mason as a fugitive from justice whose destruction is the result of forces within himself.

It is an inspired film, directed with uncanny intensity by Carol Reed.

In a brilliant Irish cast from Dublin's Abbey Theatre, the late F. J. McCormick as Shell, the shifty tramp, and W. G. Fay, as Father Tom, are outstanding. So is Robert Newton as the mad artist, Lukey.

Reed introduces Kathleen Ryan, Irish newcomer to the screen, who plays the part of the fugitive's faithful girl with tightly schooled competence.

Mason said of the film that it was the most satisfying he has ever made.—Esquire; showing.

★★ A WOMAN DESTROYED

UNIVERSAL have set themselves the gigantic task of giving a female version of "The Lost Weekend," and it is inevitable that unfavorable comparisons will be made.

The elfin Susan Hayward does a good job in her first big dramatic part. She handles the role of Angie, the young wife who becomes a dipsomaniac to counteract feelings of inferiority, with insight and ease, but the weak script lets her down in spots.

Crooner husband Lee Bowman, who unwittingly robs Angie of any claim to usefulness and adds to her downfall, lacks conviction. Marsha Hunt is excellent as the over-efficient secretary.—Victory; showing.

★ WAKE UP AND DREAM

TECHNICOLOR photography and a strong musical backing cannot do much for this dull Fox opus, which features John Payne and June Haver in a wartime fantasy concerning dream islands and sentiment which is often close to the ludicrous.

Story opens with Payne going off to the war, leaving behind his true love, June Haver, and little sister Nella (Connie Marshall). When a wire comes that Payne is missing, the two sail off in a ketch with old salt Clem Bevans to find the island where Payne is waiting for them. Their adventures move at a snail's pace, and even a few good songs don't help for long.—Empire; showing.

★ MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

POOR script and uneven direction slow up the pace of this Columbia thriller, which has several murders and a lot of strange goings on in the District Attorney's office.

Dennis O'Keefe is cast as a young assistant District Attorney, who causes his boss a lot of trouble through being blinded by love. He won't hear a word against female menace Marguerite Chapman, though she and murders seem to go together.

There's a lot of confused action before the final denouement, with Adolphe Menjou helping things considerably in the title role.—Capitol; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

9 complete stories of intrigue, mystery, romance . . . Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.——No. 1 now on sale

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KATHLEEN RYAN, sensitive young Irish beauty discovered in Dublin by director Carol Reed, has had a choice of leading men which would make any established star envious. She came from the Abbey Theatre School of Acting to star opposite James Mason in "Odd Man Out," and her next film is "Captain Boycott," opposite Stewart Granger. Make-up men describe her coloring and beauty as so startling that it has to be toned down for character roles. Kathleen Ryan is in private life the wife of surgeon Dr. Perry Devane, and has an 18-months-old daughter, Barbara Anne. She recently refused the leading role in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" because she is expecting a second child.

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CZ/187

1 MINING ENGINEER Mike (Ford), down on his luck, cannot pay traffic fine after crashing into car owned by elderly Cunningham (Buchanan). Seductive waitress Paula (Carter) pays the fine.

2 NEW CHANCE comes for Mike when Cunningham hires him to develop silver mine. They plan loan from bank, which Paula and gang intend to rob.

PAULA . . .

Another "Gilda" for Glenn Ford

GOOD-LOOKING Glenn Ford returns to the dynamic type of role which won him such success in "Gilda" with this fast-moving Columbia drama, "Paula."

He plays the part of Mike Lambert, a young engineer who is caught up in a murder plot by gangsters planning to rob a bank, and framed without his knowledge.

Playing opposite him as Paula, glamorous double-crosser, is blonde Janis Carter, who has her first big dramatic role.

Supporting cast includes Barry Sullivan, Edgar Buchanan, Karen Morley, and Jim Bannon.

3 INSTRUCTED by Paula, crooked bank official Stephen (Sullivan) refuses loan, to prevent Mike leaving town before their plot is ready.

4 UNAWARE that he has been chosen because of likeness to Stephen, Mike drives with them to mine, where they plan his murder.

5 CHANGE IN PLAN by faithless Paula results in Stephen, not Mike, being murdered. Still in love with her, Mike is suspicious when he finds her collecting the money dead banker has stolen.

6 REALISATION of Paula's guilt comes when Mike finds Cunningham is charged with murder. He promises to help him, tells police about Paula.

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IN MIDDLE AGE KIDNEYS OFTEN NEED THIS HELP

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if frequent and poor kidney action is experienced Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous wastes out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 3 pints a day.

An excess of acids or poisonous matter in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling and puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for *Doan's Backache Kidney Pills*, a stimulant-diuretic used successfully by millions for over 40 years. *Doan's* are a special medicine for the kidneys and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous wastes from the blood.

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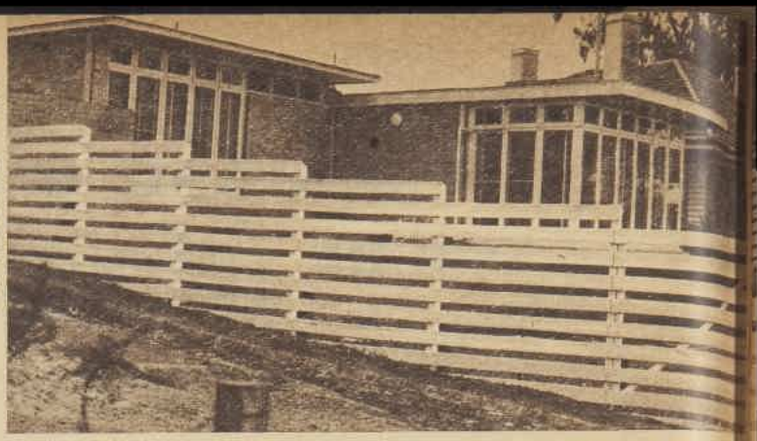
PICTURE at right shows the house (looking from north-west) with glassed-in walls. This part of the house commands a magnificent view of the Yarra Bend National Park and also has complete privacy. The upper story, which is to be built in the future, will top the right-hand wing.



Designed for modern living

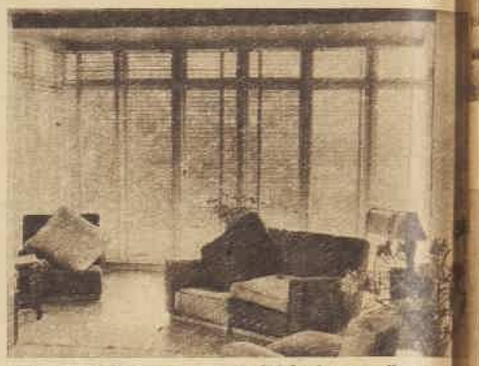
TERRACES and private courtyards, extensive window areas are special features of the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pettigrew, Redmond Street, Kew, Victoria.

Every foot of the land has been designed for intensive use.

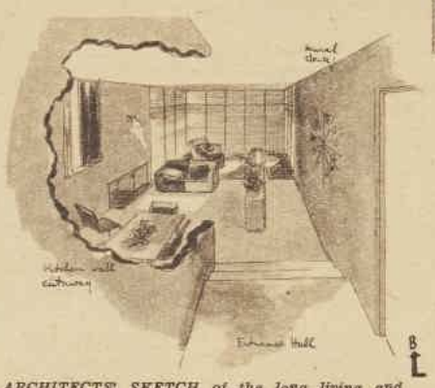
It is not hemmed in. Windows on the western side command lovely views of the Yarra River and Yarra Bend National Park.

Wide roof overhangs shade the interiors in summer, when the sun takes a high curve over the sky, but allow the sun to penetrate deep into the many-windowed rooms in winter when its warmth is welcome.

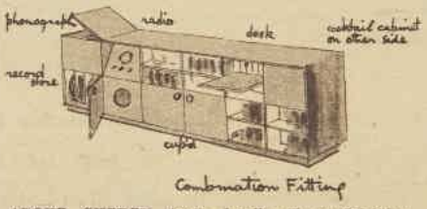
Owing to building restrictions, the present house was kept to a minimum with provision made for the addition of an upper floor.



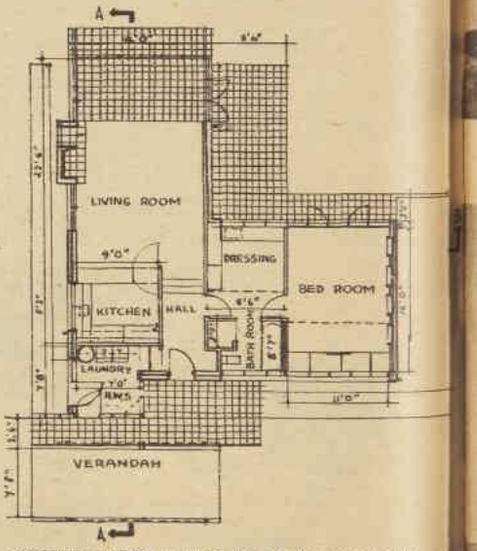
WALLS of living-room are a bright lemon-yellow, with grey ceiling and floor of natural waxed hardwood. Lounge suite comprises two 2-piece settees. Colors for the lounge suites are plum and chartreuse.



ARCHITECTS' SKETCH of the long living and dining room, as viewed from the entrance-hall. Note low fireplace and the floor-to-ceiling windows. Because of sloping lot, steps lead down from hall to living-room level.



ABOVE SKETCH shows details of combination fitting which acts as a buffer between dining and lounge section of the large living and dining room. This cupboard will interest all homemakers.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN of Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew's home at Kew, Victoria. Architects K. H. Pethebridge, Robin Boyd, and Frank Bell designed lounge and bedroom furnishings, as well as the building.

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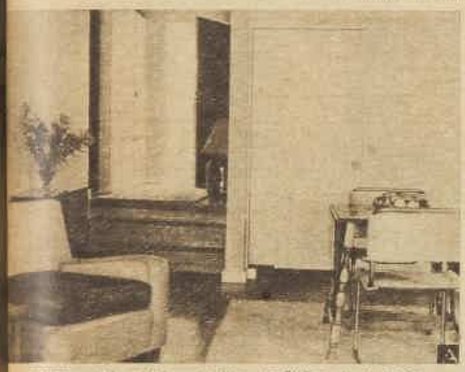
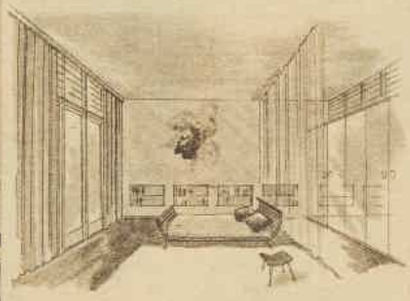
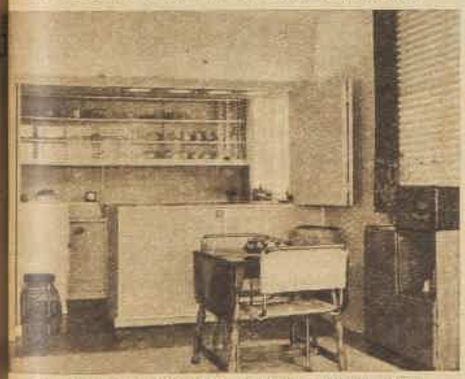
HERE IS SHOWN the car-port and drive, with bedroom in front. This portion of the house looks north across cul-de-sac. Note the unusual fencing and gate construction which is a feature of the house. The many terraces, as shown in the ground floor (opposite page), extend the living area of the home, more especially in summer-time.



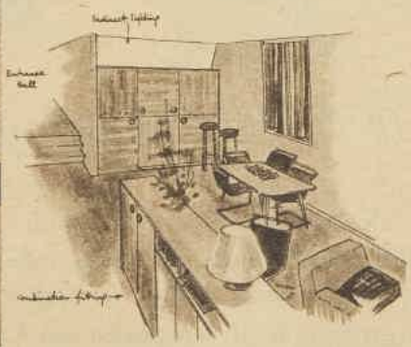
VIEW of the dining section. Tubular steel chairs covered with similar lamb's-wool as that used for the rugs. Also shown are the doors of the massive cupboards which divide this dual room from kitchen.



HERE is the architects' sketch of the spacious bedroom, a feature of which is the window area (floor-to-ceiling windows) and the walk-in cupboards and the many built-in drawers.



SPACIOUS CUPBOARD dividing kitchen from dining-room shows upper doors which fold back with one movement of the hand. Cupboards house glass, china, silver, and cutlery.



ANOTHER VIEW of the dining area, showing how the combination fitting is used as a buffer between dining and living sections. Sketch also shows cupboard that shuts off kitchen from dining area.

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The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-

Cystex *for* KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

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Boys' Eagley NEVASHRINK Pure Wool short sleeved, closed front undershirt, ribbed finish at neck. Briefs with elastic hips and reinforced front. Warm and hard-wearing—guaranteed unshrinkable. Ideal for the sporting schoolboy.

Girls' Eagley NEVASHRINK Pure Wool vest with shell stitch finish at neck and armholes. Also obtainable with short sleeves. Pantees with elastic waist and ribbed finish at legs. Soft, warm and guaranteed unshrinkable.

Women's Eagley NEVASHRINK Pure Wool round neck vest; shell stitch finish at neck and armholes. Pantees with elastic at waist and ribbed finish at legs. Slimming and warm—guaranteed unshrinkable and soft as down.

"IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO Eagley NEVASHRINK"

The men who take the weather as it comes know the warm comfort of Eagley Nevashrink. Chill winds, nor frosts, nor driving sleet discomfort those who know when "it's time to change to Eagley Nevashrink." Safe from chills and cosy in the protection of the purest wool, who wears Eagley Nevashrink wears the finest protection against winter. Lasting and unshrinkable, Eagley Nevashrink stays soft for years of dependable protection.

Eagley NEVASHRINK

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

A Wash Tub Miracle

The upper magnified photograph shows a piece of Eagley NEVASHRINK washed thoroughly in soapy water at 180 degrees. Note there is no shrinking or "felting." Check the difference with the ordinary woollen fabric (lower photo) given same test, and which is badly shrunk and "matted."

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They're well worn . . but they're worn well

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Drive out Dandruff. This special Soap "digs" beneath surface of scalp, removing Dandruff flakes, stopping itch. 1/9 Cake. All Chemists.

POTTER'S DANDRUFF SOAP

Cover design . . .

Teen-age twosome

THE rage of America: Sloppy Sue sweater and cute stocking cap for you to knit yourself. Knit a lemon set for a brown suit or a crimson one to bring to life a navy costume.

Materials: 11 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool (no other wool should be used); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; press-studs; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20½in; bust, 32-34in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Note: For 36in. bust use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles.

Tension: 13 sts. 2in., 17 rows 2in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 8th st. (112 sts.). Work in st-st., and when work measures 13in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 5½in.

Next Row: K 37 (leave on a spare needle). Cast off 14 sts., k 37. Cont. on last 37 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 60 sts., then every row until decreased to 30 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 116 sts. around neck. Work 1 row rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Cast off in ribbing.

SHOULDER PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 40 sts. Work in st-st. for 6in. Cast off. Fold diagonally, lightly pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up 1in. of left shoulder seam and side seams, sew in sleeves and shoulder pads. Work 2 rows of d.c. along back of shoulder and neck opening and 1 row along front. Sew on press-studs.

BUCCANEER'S CAP

Materials: 4 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Using 4 No. 12 needles, cast on 150 sts. (50 sts. on each of 3 needles), k in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Now k in rounds until work measures 15in., then shape the top as follows:

1st Round: * K 13, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.

2nd and Alt. Rounds: K.

3rd Round: * K 12, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.

5th Round: * K 11, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.

7th Round: * K 10, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.

Cont. in this way, working 1 st. less between decreases every 2nd round until decreased to 10 sts., k 2 tog. all along the next round. Break off wool, thread end through darning needle and draw through all sts. and fasten off. Make a tassel and sew on end.

THIS COSY OUTFIT, with pert stocking cap reminiscent of Breton sailors and buccaneers of far-off seafaring days, is worn by our cover-girl, Dawn Anderson, painted by John Mills.

Dangers of diphtheria

By MEDICO

I WAS talking to the Mortons the other day, and asked after their three-year-old son, Bobbie.

"Oh, he's just bursting with health as usual," said Mrs. Morton, "but I've been wondering whether I ought to have him immunised against diphtheria. He's getting to the stage of running about everywhere, and I never know whether he's up in the dairy or looking at the pigs."

The Mortons live in the country, and I had not seen them for some months . . . I smiled. "You're thinking of the old idea that diphtheria can be caught from dirty drains. It can't.

"There's a nasty little germ, the diphtheria bacillus, about 1-8000th of an inch long. It has become so intimately associated with man that now it has probably no permanent existence apart from him.

"When anyone coughs or sneezes, or sometimes just when speaking, a fine spray of droplets escapes from the mouth, and if such a person harbors the diphtheria bacilli in his throat, these may be included in the droplets and cause diphtheria.

"The person who passes on the infection may not even be ill himself, but merely a carrier of the disease. Diphtheria especially attacks young children, and the special danger period is in the first five years of life.

"Here is what happens when a child is infected with diphtheria: The child becomes ill because the germs have gained entrance into its throat and as yet its blood has insufficient anti-toxin to deal with it. When a child is immunised, a measured dose of stimulative toxin is injected into the blood, and substances are formed in the blood to neutralise it.

"The diphtheria germs cause an inflammation of the throat. The toxins they produce there cause a membrane of dead material to form in the throat. If the child's tissues had been immunised in infancy, and so produced anti-toxin in his body, the anti-toxin would have been present when the throat was first invaded by the diphtheria germs, and would have prevented trouble."

"And what is the right age for immunisation?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"For safety's sake every child should be immunised when six months old."

"John," said Mrs. Morton, turning to her husband, "on Monday I'm bringing not only Bobbie but Baby Ann to doctor to be immunised."

John Morton nodded. "I think you're right. We'd better play safe."

[All names used in this article are fictitious.]

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  The Bells of St. Marys *and*
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Try this quick way to get rid of unwanted hair—no mess, no mess. Just apply Veet Cream—in three minutes the hair is gone. It's just that simple—no stubble, no shadow, your skin is smooth and white. Safeguard feminine charm—get Veet Cream, 2/9 a tube, from chemists. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

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says Elizabeth Cooke—
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CHEESE AND BACON CASSEROLE

3 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced; 1 small onion, sliced; 2 medium-sized raw potatoes, sliced; ½ cup milk; 1 egg, beaten; 6 pieces lean bacon; Parsley Sprigs.

Arrange alternate layers of sliced potatoes, Kraft Cheddar Cheese and onions in casserole or pie-dish, finishing with a layer of potatoes. Mix milk and egg and pour on milk mixture to fill dish. Add rolled bacon and bake slowly for about 1 hour, till browned and set. Serve hot garnished with parsley sprigs. Serves 4.

Kraft Cheese TASTES Better because it's BLENDED BETTER

Kraft Cheese always has the same delicious, mellow flavour and blended goodness—it stays creamy and fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping—melts to rich, golden smoothness for your cooking.

"That's why it's so easy to make tasty new savoury dishes like 'Cheese and Bacon Casserole' for lunch or supper," says Elizabeth Cooke.

"And remember! Ounce for ounce, there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high-quality proteins . . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk".

Ask for Kraft Cheddar Cheese in the 8-oz. packet, or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5 lb. loaf at your grocers.

Listen to "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D."—
every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.

Three Little Australians

. . born under the Sign of

CANCER

According to astrological authorities, the time between June 21st and July 20th, comes under the influence of Cancer, the Crab. Youngsters who are born at this time of the year are likely to be painstaking, industrious and successful in all they undertake. "Cancer" people are very often dreamers with the desire and ability to organise large schemes for the welfare of others. The mothers of these three bonny youngsters are giving them the best possible start, with healthful Vegemite in their diet every day.

VIRGINIA CRAIG

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Craig of Palmers Street, Dover Heights, N.S.W., Virginia is five years old on July 14th. "I started Virginia on Vegemite at 14 months," Mrs. Craig says, "and it has done her the world of good. A Child Health Specialist told me that the vitamins in Vegemite are essential for growing children."

BARBARA KEE

Two years old on June 28th, big-eyed Barbara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kee of Cloverdale Road, Glen Iris, Victoria. Mrs. Kee says: "The local Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegemite for Barbara and she loved it right from the start."

JOHN ROBERT CORLESS

The son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Corless of Devon Street, Yeronga, Brisbane, Qld., John's third birthday is June 27th and Mrs. Corless says: "John is a very bright child. I see he gets plenty of exercise and nourishing food such as Vegemite. That's why he is so full of energy."

Vegemite—a little does a power of good, because it is:

★ *Richer* in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)

★ *Richer* in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)

★ *Richer* in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)

★ Tastier and costs less.

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Second Service

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

THERE are more ways than one of serving the remains of a baked joint—those odd bits and pieces of vegetable, that half dish of stewed fruit. Here are some suggestions:

The careful homemaker allows no waste in her kitchen.

She plans to keep her housekeeping costs down by presenting left-over foods so that they lose nothing in flavor or value; so that their second service is as interesting and flavorsome as their first appearance.

Additional moisture, in the form of sauce, gravy, or stock, is usually necessary when making up dishes from cold meat, since meat loses some of its moisture as it cools.

Potatoes, spaghetti, flour, and breadcrumbs are useful—they extend a small quantity of left-over meat to make more servings and at the same time give the dish a more satisfying quality.

Value and flavor

VEGETABLES or meat being prepared for second service should never be re-cooked. Reheating is all that is necessary. Re-cooking will destroy both value of flavor.

Celery salt, garlic (used with care), curry powder, mustard, freshly ground pepper (domestic pepper-grinders are available for this purpose), grated lemon rind, fresh garden herbs, nutmeg, and paprika have a way of adding variety and subtlety to food flavors.

The added flavor should be elusive; not so strong that it dominates the original flavor of the food.

And, above all, remember that food labelled "left-over" loses its appeal immediately. Prepare it carefully, serve it attractively, and let its origin be your own secret!

RABBIT and sweet corn croquettes, baked parsnip fluff, rhubarb tartlets —three appetising ways of presenting left-over food in a new guise.

RABBIT AND SWEET CORN CROQUETTES

One cup diced rabbit meat, 1 cup sweet corn, ½ cup thick white sauce, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon minced ham, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon flour, egg-glazing, crumbs for covering, bacon rashers, fat for frying.

Prepare the white sauce; while still hot, fold in rabbit meat, corn, breadcrumbs, ham, salt and pepper. Spread on flat plate to cool. Shape a portion at a time into croquettes. Coat with flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Stand a few minutes, then dip again in egg-glazing; coat again with breadcrumbs. Wrap each croquette in bacon (rind removed), fasten with cocktail stick. Fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain on clean paper, remove cocktail stick. Serve piping hot with tomato slices or grilled tomato halves.

RHUBARB TARTLETS

Half a pound biscuit pastry or shortcrust, 1 to 1½ cups cooked rhubarb (drained free from syrup), 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch of ginger, 1 scant teaspoon arrowroot, ½ cup rhubarb syrup, red coloring.

Roll pastry thinly, cut with floured cutter, and line patty-tins. Prick base of each tartlet well with a fork. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 8 to 10 minutes. Blend arrowroot with rhubarb syrup, add orange and lemon rind. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Color with red coloring, fold in drained rhubarb. Fill into cooked pastry-cases, return to oven to reheat. Serve hot with custard. May also be served cold with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

BAKED PARSNIP FLUFF

Two cups mashed parsnip, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, paprika.

Beat butter into hot parsnips. Fold in egg-yolks beaten with milk. Add to parsnips with salt, cayenne, and nearly all the cheese. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into greased ramekin dishes or cocottes. Top with breadcrumbs mixed with balance of cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot, dusted with paprika and garnished with parsley.

CRUMBED VEAL AND HAM PIE

Two cups diced cold veal, ½ cup minced ham, 2 shallots, 2 tomatoes, ½ teaspoon celery salt, salt, pepper, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk.

Dip tomatoes into boiling water, remove skins, cut into slices. Grease an ovenware dish, sprinkle lightly with crumbs. Place diced veal, ham, minced shallots, and sliced tomatoes in dish in alternate layers. Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper, and breadcrumbs. Finish with a layer of crumbs. Add milk, pouring carefully down side of dish. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) until thoroughly heated, and crumbs lightly browned. Serve hot with jacket potatoes and hot greens.

MADRAS CURRY WITH SPAGHETTI

Two cups diced cold meat, 1 green apple, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1½ cups thin, brown gravy, 1 dessertspoon chopped raisins, 1 dessertspoon coconut (if available), ½ grated carrot, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 sliced banana, ½ teaspoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups cooked spaghetti, lemon wedges.

Peel and dice apple and onion, brown lightly in hot fat. Add flour and curry powder and brown. Add gravy, stir until boiling. Fold in all other ingredients except meat and spaghetti. Simmer over low heat 15 to 20 minutes. Add diced meat, simmer further five minutes. Serve on hot dish with border of hot spaghetti, garnish with lemon wedges.

ECONOMY SOUFFLE

One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups milk, salt and pepper, ½ cup mashed potato, ½ cup diced cold meat, ½ cup diced, cooked vegetables, 2 eggs.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Beat gradually into mashed potato, mixing well. Fold in meat, vegetables, salt and pepper, beaten egg-yolks. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Dust with paprika, serve immediately with hot greens and baked tomato halves.

SCALLOPED CARROTS AND CELERY

One cup diced cooked carrot, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon finely minced shallot, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, soft breadcrumbs.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in carrots and celery, shallot, salt, cayenne, and cheese. Grease scallop shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Fill with vegetable mixture, top with breadcrumbs. Bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.) to reheat and brown crumbs. Serve hot with rolled brown bread and butter, fingers of buttered toast, or crisp toast triangles.

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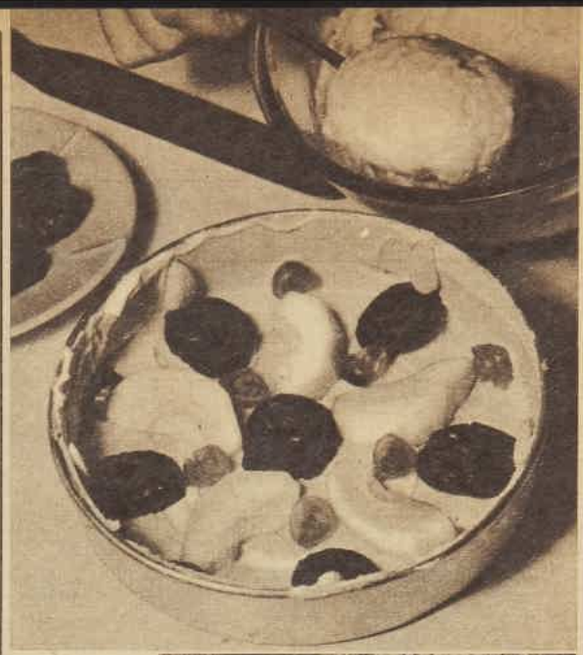

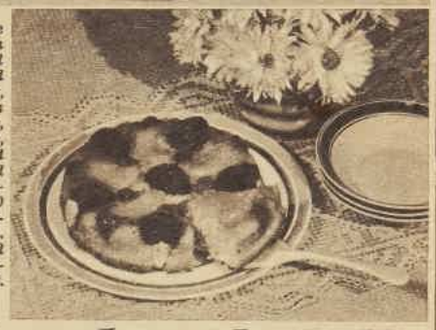

AN easy recipe lesson: Coat tin with creamed shortening and brown sugar, arrange pattern with prunes, apple slices, cherries, and almonds, and pour batter mixture in. Bake 30 minutes in moderately hot oven. Serve caramelised pudding with custard or cream.

Veal and apple rolls

SAUSAGE meat combined with apple makes a fine filling for veal-steak rolls — the recipe wins first prize in this week's contest.

Home-made biscuits are always in demand for lunch-boxes or for between-meal snacks. You'll find peanut crunchies ideal for either —sugarless, butterless, quickly and easily made, they keep well in an airtight tin.

If you're looking for something different in the sweets line, try the delicious apple pudding. The basin is coated with butter and brown sugar, which gives a delicious caramel flavor to the sliced apples when the pudding is cooked.

SAVORY VEAL AND APPLE ROLLS

One pound veal steak (sliced thinly), 1 cooking apple, ½lb. sausage meat, salt and pepper, chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water or stock, 1 lemon.

Cut veal into four or five pieces of equal size. Peel and chop apple finely—mix with sausage meat, salt and pepper, and a little chopped parsley. Spoon a portion of sausage mixture on to each piece of veal steak. Roll up, secure with cocktail stick. Brown rolls in hot fat in shallow pan. Remove. Drain off nearly all fat. Fry sliced onion lightly, add flour, salt, and pepper; allow to brown. Add stock or water and squeeze of lemon juice. Stir till boiling. Place rolls in ovenware dish. Pour gravy over. Cover and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Garnish with lemon wedges and serve piping hot with mashed potatoes and green vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. C. McCann, 12 Franklin Avenue, Flinders Park, S.A.

SAVORY BACON SNACKS

Rashers of bacon, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1oz. liver sausage, chopped parsley, pinch dried herbs, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening, little milk, fried bread.

Remove rind from bacon and cut in halves. Mix crumbs, minced liver sausage, herbs, salt and pepper, and parsley with melted shortening. Moisten with a little milk. Spread a layer of mixture on fb each bacon rasher. Roll up. Secure with skewer and bake on greased tray in moderate oven till bacon is crisp. May also be cooked under griller. Serve with triangles of fried bread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Clayton, c/o J. James Pty. Ltd., Temple Court Lane, Melbourne C1.

DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING

Three or 4 cooking apples, brown sugar, nutmeg or ground cloves, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, about 2 tablespoons milk.

Grease pudding-basin thoroughly, sprinkle liberally with brown sugar. Arrange peeled and sliced apples round sides and bottom of basin. Dust apples lightly with sugar and a little grated nutmeg or ground cloves. Cream shortening and sugar with lemon rind. Add egg, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, alternately with sufficient milk to make fairly soft mixture. Fill into prepared basin, top with balance of sliced apples. Dust with sugar and spice. Cover with greased paper and steam 1½ hours. Serve with cream or boiled custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Slee, 155 Young St., Parkside, S.A.

PEANUT CRUNCHES

One carton peanut butter, 1 tin condensed milk, 5 cups cornflakes.

Mix peanut butter and condensed milk together. Fold in cornflakes, mixing well. Place teaspoonfuls of mixture well apart on greased tray, and cook in moderate oven (325deg. F.) till firm and light brown. Allow to cool on trays. They become crisp as they cool. Store in airtight tins.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Finigan, 42 Park Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

Try this delicious Bournville recipe

Iced Chocolate Cakes

2 oz. Bournville Cocoa
¼ lb. margarine or butter
Vanilla flavouring ¼ lb. castor sugar
2 eggs 6 oz. flour
1 teaspoonful baking-powder
Icing ½ lb. icing sugar
2½ tablespoonfuls water
Angelica (for decoration).

METHOD—Sieve the flour, cocoa, and baking-powder. Beat the sugar and fat to a cream. Add each egg separately, stir it in quickly and beat for a few minutes before adding the next. When both are added, stir in the flour, etc., and mix all together lightly, adding a little milk if required. Add a few drops of flavouring. Put into small greased cake-tins and bake in a hot oven for about 15 to 20 minutes. Leave until cold, then ice the tops with white icing. Decorate the centre of each with a small piece of angelica.

CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE COCOA
CUT OUT AND SAVE
© 1967 THIS RECIPE

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I'm a happy mother of three. "Happy" since Wednesdays and Fridays became regular SAVOY DAYS. Savoy makes a grand variety of low-cost dishes so easily. I'll never drop the "SAVOY DAY" idea. The children wouldn't hear of it, anyway.

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In handy 1/3 and 3/- (family) sizes, of all chemists

★ LIQUID lip-glo

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FROM MARJORY CARTER ---
"AEROPHOS" COOKERY EXPERT

HERE'S A DELICIOUS COFFEE CAKE THAT SAYS

"Stay Awhile"

ORANGE COFFEE CAKE

WITH SPICY NUT TOPPING

Two cups of self-raising flour containing "Aerophos", pinch salt, 3 ozs. butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 eggs, 1 cup of milk. For topping:—2 level tablespoons brown sugar, 2 level teaspoons cinnamon, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 level tablespoon flour, 1 oz. butter, melted.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter until the mixture is like fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar and grated orange rind. Combine beaten eggs and milk and stir into the flour, mixing lightly to a smooth batter. Turn into two greased 7 inch sandwich tins or into a round loaf tin. Sprinkle with combined topping ingredients. Cook in a moderate oven for 25 minutes in sandwich tins or for 45 minutes in a loaf tin. Serve freshly made. May be served hot as a dinner sweet with fresh cream or topped with a fruit sauce.

THIS IS THE "A & W" SEAL

Many brands of self-raising flour and baking powder show the "A & W" Seal on the packet as a guarantee that it contains only "AEROPHOS" as the raising ingredient.

"Stay Awhile", says Marjory Carter's persuasive new recipe. It's Orange Coffee Cake, so simple to prepare, so delicious to taste . . . an ideal cake with morning coffee or afternoon tea. Try it. Simply use a leading brand of self-raising flour containing "Aerophos", Australia's finest raising ingredient, for the smoother, lighter, finer rising of truly perfect baking.

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YOU do want smart, attractive clothes, don't you? Of course you do—things with style and originality; but when shopping for them you find it practically impossible to get a frock within your means, or one that isn't duplicated at least a dozen times when you walk down the street. But still it is possible for YOU to be the smartest dresser in your town. It is possible for you to make clothes for all your loved ones—and YOU'RE SAVING MONEY all the time. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Send for this splendidly illustrated Free Book, "How to Design, Cut and Make Smarter Clothes." It tells you how. But you must hurry.

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FACTORIES, OFFICES
. . . *perfume conditioned*

● Odor engineers in America are using perfumes to make work more pleasant.

BY CAROLYN EARLE

THE news from abroad about postwar perfume developments is distinctly interesting, and if earnest men of science and forward-looking industrial tycoons have their way about wafting delightful aromas through the halls of industry, absenteeism may soon be a thing of the past.

At least, that is my impression after reading about the infiltration of fragrance into rugged American industry.

At first impact, the idea may seem bizarre and impracticable, but actually it is based on sound and solid experience.

It all began, it seems, back in war days. Up to that point perfume was regarded as stricly woman-interest stuff, pleasant in a champagne and waltz setting, but far removed from factory and foundry.

Then warplant executives noticed a steep rise in production figures after treating factory smells with nose-appealing antidotes.

One large factory in which women employees had decided to down tools en masse is said to have averted the crisis by cloaking the offensive odor of cutting oils with a rose perfume piped through the air-conditioning system, and even to-day, with most women workers out of the plant, the masculine employees are kept happy with the smell of new-mown hay.

So an enterprising group of scientists known as "odor engineers" put their heads together and decided the time had arrived to give some undivided attention to ways and means of making daily living (as in "breathing") more pleasant.

Although at first big business was inclined to dismiss the whole idea as slightly absurd, experience proved otherwise and they decided to let science take its course, with the results we are now hearing.

Now, scenting the modern interior of a modern house per medium of a perfume holder swung in the breeze is perhaps no longer surprising, but try to imagine trams, trains, buses, cars, and theatres full of floating, ambrosial aromas. And picture shows scented with fragrances to match the mood of the picture being screened!

Admittedly those are still agenda items, but latest news bulletins tell us that right now textile manufacturers often add a garden scent to their flower-patterned fabrics, or a suitably tweedy touch to their suitings.

That rubber-band factories are boosting sales by adding a flower fragrance to their product.

And that happy days are here again for the office-worker with perfumed carbon paper, typewriter ribbons, and pencils.

One indefatigable manufacturer of fly-swats announced that this item would in future carry a vent into which the fastidious user might pour a few drops of her favorite scent, thus killing the insects and treating her room to a cologne bath in the one process.

Even the circus has caught on to the perfume idea, and the elephants are sprayed daily with nice aromas from an atomiser. And that's a lot of spraying.

That hundreds of other industries are said to have become enthusiastic to the point of seeking special perfumes is proof of the sales potential of sweet-smelling products over less pleasantly odorous goods.

Case histories pointing up the claim that scented goods are not only more pleasant to the nose but sell better include the experience of a large store specialising in feminine accessories; two tables of handkerchiefs were set up—one lightly perfumed, the other not. The first table was cleared in no time—the identical unscented goods remained practically untouched.

Similarly, in a door-to-door canvass among housewives, of two pairs of stockings, identical in color, texture, and sheerness, 100 per cent. chose the previously faintly scented pair.

Of course, lingerie, linen, gloves, and such might be regarded as a "natural" for the perfume approach, but what about perfumed newspaper advertisements? Definite sales increases are claimed by florists, perfumers, and wine merchants who have pioneered the scheme.

Isn't it a fascinating thought that in the fragrant new world of to-morrow we might look forward to all-perfumed newspapers and magazines?

The problem that seems to be currently bogging down odor engineering circles is how to isolate the characteristic smell of ink and newsprint so that provocative advertising fragrances won't be damaged by it.

After that it will be a matter of striking the balance between a possible sandalwood and cedar motif in furniture advertisements, attar of rose in the cosmetic column, and the pungent perfume that must surely accompany stove polish.

The difficulties are granted, but . . . time marches on, and science is a wonderful thing.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY KNITTING BOOK FOR 1947

● *This beautifully illustrated 64-page book of knitwear for both children and adults is now on sale at all newsagents and from our own offices.*

Designs, selected with the utmost forethought, embrace cardigans, sweaters, dresses, hats, bedjackets, gloves. There are any number of delightful woollies for children.

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for Adults and Children is obtainable from any newsagent or from our offices for 1/6, post free. Get your copy now!

A lovely glossy polish

The beauty and charm of cared-for furniture gives added dignity to home surroundings if it is cleaned and preserved with LIQUID VENEER. There's a new joy awaiting you in the possession of tables, chairs, sideboards, cupboards and bedsteads glowing with LIQUID VENEER preservative polish. Just as good for your car. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

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VITALIS—the double purpose Hair Dressing.

FOR MEN WITH THINNING HAIR AND LOOSE DANDRUFF. Once a week soak the entire scalp with VITALIS. Rub in briskly and let it remain for a few minutes. Then wash and rinse thoroughly. When the hair is dry, massage the scalp with more VITALIS and work it in vigorously. Comb into place and brush firmly.

FOR WOMEN WITH OILY HAIR. If you have oily hair, shampoo it once a week. Before you shampoo, massage the scalp with a liberal quantity of VITALIS. Shampoo in warm water, using a pure soap. Rinse all soap from the hair, then dry and dress it. Excess oil will have disappeared and your hair will have a silky fluffiness.

VITALIS

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SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and sore throat.

Apply an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on the cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Effective and soothing for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition. It is also effective for boils. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at your chemist's store to-day.

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ROUGHENED red patches on the face and hands, chapped skin, chilblains—a whole host of skin troubles come with winter unless you play for safety and protection by rubbing in Zam-Buk nightly.

The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk penetrate deep into the pores, clear up blemishes, and keep the skin soft and healthy. In the treatment of chilblains, Zam-Buk is wonderfully cooling and healing. Chapped hands are quickly soothed and restored to normal whiteness and smoothness when Zam-Buk is applied.

Zam-Buk is also excellent for tired, aching feet, cuts, bruises, burns, rashes, eczema and other skin ailments.

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WHEN CHOOSING ROSES remember "Picture," a medium-sized bloom of clear rose color, finely shaped, free-flowering and tea-scented.

ONE of the most beautiful climbing roses in existence—Shot Silk—a coppery salmon-pink, highly fragrant, with decorative dark green shining foliage.

For garden glory . . .

PLANT ROSES

UNPACK newly purchased rose bushes as soon as possible, and if at all dry or showing signs of shrivelling of the wood soak in rainwater for at least 24 hours.

Stand plants in water overnight, anyway, if they have been out of the ground for long.

If your soil is heavy and sticky wait for a dry day, free from wind, and when the soil is right and holes do not fill with water immediately they are dug, plant the roses out.

If the plants, or their roots, are damaged in any way, cut away damaged parts with sharp secateurs. If carrying suckers—growths just below the scion or bulge in the stem—cut these unwanted briars away at once.

Dig holes big enough to accommodate the rose at the same depth it occupied before being removed from the nursery. Fill in the bottom of each hole with a rounded dome of soil and spread roots out over this dome and downwards all round. Fill in hole with good soil and no fresh manure. If soil is of doubtful quality, mix in some bonedust or meal, which will become gradually available to the rose as it breaks up.

Do not plant the roses too deeply. Merely cover the budded joint or scion with about 1in. of soil and no more. If budding has been done carelessly and point of the union is too high up the stock, it is far safer to leave it above the level of the soil than to plant deep and cover it.

To complete planting, firm soil a little at a time with your foot, eventually leaving a saucer-shaped depression all round for watering. Water well after planting and visit the roses every day with the hose or can until they are growing well and vigorously and are capable of fending for themselves.

Roses which requires stakes, such as standards and weeping standards, should be staked when planting, not afterwards. When planting climbing roses, remember to cut back the strongest growths by one-third of their length after planting. Cut back shoots of ramblers to within 1ft. of the ground, but do not cut back bush, standard, or weeping roses after planting.—Our Home Gardener.

AN EXCELLENT exhibition rose and a good garden plant . . . McGredy's Ivory is a creamy yellow fading to clear white as the bloom opens. Lightly perfumed, but a lovely rose.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

KEEP pigskin gloves soft and pliable by adding a few drops of baby oil to the final rinsing water. When nearly dry shape them.

★ ★ ★

EGG stains can be removed from silver by rubbing with a rag dipped in wet salt.

★ ★ ★

TIME to clean your sewing-machine? Use a small paint brush with a long handle, as this will get the dirt and dust out of cracks and crevices. Then oil it up for its sake—and yours!

★ ★ ★

BE thrifty! Save on wax by storing all the cloths that you use for polishing furniture in a tightly shut container. When using them again the cloths will be moist and much of the wax will have been retained.

★ ★ ★

ARTIFICIAL flowers will stay in place in a vase if it is filled with fine sand. Press the stems firmly into the sand.

★ ★ ★

SPILLED grease on a single gas-burner can be removed by detaching it and holding it over the flame of one of the other burners. Better still, wash regularly in hot, soapy water. Rinse, dry well.

★ ★ ★

KEEP them like new: It's just as important to dust your precious books and bookcase regularly as it is to dust any other piece of furniture in your room. Once a month take out every book and dust each one separately. Before putting back, clean shelves thoroughly.

★ ★ ★

HEALTH first: Home-grown vegetables should be picked just before cooking time. If this is not possible, see that they are washed and stored in the refrigerator (or cool spot) until you cook them.

AN APRON which is easy to make and pretty enough to be worn while putting the finishing touches to dinner when you are entertaining. It would also make an attractive gift for a bride who is being given a kitchen tea.

Achieve a lipstick colour that is yours and yours alone with Corinne MAGIC. A neutral orange shade in the tube. Corinne MAGIC actually changes colour on your lips to produce your own individual tone of soft natural red. Positively indelible

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I KEEP FIT

-and so can you!

Beecham's Pills will quickly relieve a sick headache, and restore the stomach, liver and bowels to normal efficiency. They're purely vegetable, safe and reliable.

1/- and 2/6 per box.

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BLONDES!

★ **BRINGS BACK** to darkened blonde hair the rich, golden beauty of childhood.

★ **PREVENTS** light hair from darkening with age.

Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches

THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

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"I've never seen her looking better

. . she says she gets a real sleep . .

now that she has her regular Bourn-vita nightcap"

Sound sleep is the foundation for tomorrow's good health—not necessarily a LONG sleep but a sound natural sleep. While you sleep your body is busy restoring tired nerves and vitality, relaxing and restoring every muscle, so that you awake completely refreshed. That's why your before-bed cup of Bourn-vita is so important.

Don't go to sleep on an empty stomach.

Contrary to old ideas, modern medical science has discovered that the body actually needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in an ordinary waking hour. When your stomach is empty, you have a lower reserve of energy and therefore sleep may be slow in coming. Bourn-vita is easily digestible—it is particularly rich in diastase—the malt-digestive of starchy foods—and so provides a quick source of energy which helps bring a deep, sound, refreshing sleep.

Bourn-vita is rich in nourishment.

Your cup of Bourn-vita has a two-fold effect. The calcium and phosphorus it contains help relax and restore tired nerves and the vitamins and nourishment which come from barley malt, eggs, full cream milk and chocolate give you that extra pep in the morning which makes you eager to be "on the job."

It's a simple thing . . . this nightly cup of Bourn-vita.

Just stir two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita granules into a glass of milk and you're all set for a restful healthy sleep. But drink it regularly—follow the custom of nursing homes and convalescent hospitals where doctors and nurses frequently recommend Cadbury's Bourn-vita. You'll feel better the very first night you drink Bourn-vita and you'll feel a sense of heightened well-being as the days pass.

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

Every night before bed

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DAD GIVES YOU A WHITER BRIGHTER WASH, WITH LESS SOAP!

1/- LARGE PACKET AT YOUR GROCER NOW!

DAD puts action into your copper—safely dissolves all stains, dirt and grease. Preserves fabrics and brightens colours . . . Remember for the easiest washday let DAD do it!

DAD
WASHING TABLETS

CAS.C13

If I'm not always top of the class, I'm always on top of my form. You see, I make this a rule —

— every morning take

ENO'S
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MARY K. CHAPMAN
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Fashion PATTERNS

• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 37.

F4704.—Petite six-piece layette. Set comprises coat requiring 1½yds. 36in. wide, pilchers ⅞yd. 36in. wide, frock 1¼yds. 36in. wide, slip ⅞yd. 36in. wide, nightie 1⅜yds. 36in. wide, and bonnet ⅛yd. 36in. wide. Pattern, 2/8.

F4705.—Smart skirt. No limit to wearability. Sizes 36 to 42in. hips. Requires 1½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4706.—Strictly for the smart girl and woman is this casual but very eye-catching frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4707.—Increase your popularity as a smart dresser and wear this frock. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Long or short sleeves. Pattern, 1/8.

F4708.—Sophisticated frock for after 5 p.m. affairs and other special dates. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Long or short sleeves. Pattern, 1/8.

F4709.—Be the attraction of all eyes when walking or at the office. Pattern may be obtained with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

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